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THE CHRONICLE

VOL. VI. NO. 37. CROSSFIELD ALBERTA, THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 18, 1913. PRICE $1 A YEAR.

LAUT BROS.

Lauts' Grocery List:-

Canned Peas, per can	15 cents	Fly Catchers, 2 for	5 cents.
,, ,, per case	$3.25c.	,, per doz.	25 cents.
,, Corn, per can	15 cents	Claremont Fruits, 3 for	$1.00
,, ,, per case	$2.90c.	Apples, Gallon	45 cents.
,, Tomatoes, can	20 cents.	Oil Sardines, 6 for	25 cents.
Unsweetened Milk, 2 --	25 cents.	Best Sardines, 7 for	$1.00
Corn Starch, 3 for	25 cents.	Sweet Pickles, quarts	40 cents.
Sugar, 20lb. sack	$1.30c.	Gem Sealers, pints	$1.00
,, 100lb. ,,	6.25c.	,, quarts	1.25
Tea, good quality, 3lb for	$1.00	,, halves	1.50
Coffee, ,, 3lb for	$1.00	Lentils, 2 lb for	25 cents.
Salmon, best grade	25 cents.	Lump Sugar, 2 lb for	25 cents
Climax Jams, 5lb tin	70 ,,	Bar ,, 2 ,,	25 ,,
Corn Meal, 10 sack	40 ,,	Sodas, 15 lb boxes,	11c. per lb.
Pork and Beans, large 7 for	$1.00	Canned Pumpkin, 2 for	35 cents.
Catsup, 2 cans for	25 cents.		

We have also a full line of Fresh Fruits and Vegetables that we are selling at The Lowest Possible Prices. Better let us have your requirments for Preserving Fruits now. If you are Putting up Pickles, see our List of Vinegars and Spices.

Laut Brothers,
HARDWARE & GROCERIES.

Pioneer Store

WE have placed in stock a large range of Sweater Coats. These are the best and greatest values that we have ever shown. One of these garments will be appreciated these cool mornings and evenings. Come in and look these over and you will find that we do not over rate them. Our

Winter Underwear

Hosiery, Flannelettes, Flannels, Dress Goods, Caps, Flannelette Sheets and Woolen Blankets are awaiting your inspection.

Now is the time to make your selection as the Stocks are complete and you can get what you want.

The most comfortable garment in underwear is without doubt the Klosed-Krotched Combinations, if you have ever worn these you will not wear anything else. All sizes are in stock from Children's to Ladies' and Gentlemen's in three or four qualities.

Watch our space next week for prices, it will show the greatest savings and you money will go further if you take advantage of them.

Wm. Urquhart,
GENERAL MERCHANT,
Crossfield, Alta.

Local and General

Mr. A. W. Gordon was the choice of the people of Crossfield to fill the unexpired time of W. B. Edward as Councillor for the village.

A large gang of C.P.R. men are busy this week repairing the track south of the town.

Mrs. E. S. McRory is expected home on Sunday after a month's absence.

Ivor Lewis and P. G. Swan spent Tuesday in Calgary to watch the Australian Cricketers.

Threshing is becoming general throughout the district, but as yet we have had no reports as to the yield.

Call at the Chronicle Office and have a look through our Specimen Book of Private Greeting Cards.

The regular weekly prayer meeting of the United Church was resumed on Tuesday evening last after being suspended during the summer month.

Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Laut along with Miss Guesner were visitors to Calgary on Monday.

We understand there will shortly be a change in the local management of the Atlas Lumber Company. Mr. Blanchard has been transferred and Mr. Smith, of Ponoka, takes his place.

If you require to renew your old Loan or take out a new one call and see me, as I can save you money. I represent the N. of Scotland Can. Mortgage Co., The Canada Life, and others. CHAS. HULTGREN.

The services at the Church of the Ascension on Sunday were very well attended, the Ven. Archdeacon Hogbin, officiated. After Morning Service Holy Communion was celebrated, to which a good number remained. In the afternoon the church was full and there were nine children baptised, which were as follows: Ruth Ione, Pearl Irene, Douglas Orton and Georgina May, the children of Mr. and Mrs. Davis; Frances Elizabeth, Isabel Louise and Godfrey Allen the children of Mr. and Mrs. Hays; Gilbert Mainwaring, son of Mr. and Mrs. Robinson; Dorothy, the adopted daughter of Mrs. Dockrill.

What could be nicer than to send a private Greeting Card to your friends and relations for Christmas. Call at the Chronicle Office and see our specimens.

PIONEER STORE.

NOTICE.

To our Old Customers and Prospective New Ones.

On and after October 1st we intend to do away entirely with the expense of book-keeping. No goods whatever will be charged, as we will have no books to keep accounts.

Everything in the store will be absolutely Cash.

All accounts will be due October 1st, and all accounts must positively be settled not later than November 1st.

Thanking you for your past patronage and hoping for a continuance of the same.

I remain,
Yours truly,
WM. URQUHART,
General Merchant.
Crossfield, Alta.

E. H. MORROW

Justice of the Peace--Notary Public

Office:
The Old Parker Residence.

Insurance. PHONE 31. Appraiser

W. B. EDWARD,

Dealer in HOGS and CATTLE.

Highest Market Price Paid.

DELIVERY TAKEN AT ANY TIME.

Crossfield - - - - - Alta.

Atlas Lumber Co., Ltd.

Lumber, Lath, Shingles, Roofing Paper, Building Paper, Brick, Lime, Plaster Cement, Sash and Doors, Moulding, Oak Dimension

WOOD and COAL
ALWAYS ON HAND.

Let us give you estimates

G. P. Blanchard, LOCAL MANAGER.

You May Buy

A RANGE that you think is as good as

--THE MOFFAT--

BUT we can convince you that there is nothing better in the Stove line.

WE OFFER YOU

The "CANADA A" with High Closet and Reservoir for	$60.00
The "CANADA B" with High Closet and Reservoir for	$65.00
The "NELSON A" with High Closet and Reservoir for	$52.50
The "NELSON B" with High Closet and Reservoir for	$32.50

Come in and let us talk Good Stoves with you

W. McRory & Sons,
HARDWARE SPECIALISTS AND HEATING EXPERTS.

BEST ATTAINABLE IMAGE FROM DOCUMENT AVAILABLE

Time Wasted

Jegson—You're wasting a lot of money carting that widow around to balls, theatres and dinners.

Wegson (alarmed)— What! Don't you think she'll marry me?

Jegson—Sure. Why she told me the first night she met you that she was going to.

I say, mama; said litle Tommy, is it true that when you first met pa you had fallen into the water and he jumped in and saved you?

Quite true, my dear, replied mamma, with a smile.

Then I wonder if that's why papa won't allow me to learn how to swim.

McClary's Sunshine Furnace

Your fuel bills will be *lower* and you'll get *more* heat, evenly distributed all over the house, if you install a *McClary Sunshine Furnace.* The *Sunshine pays for itself* in a very few years by the *saving* it effects. Call on the McClary dealer or write our nearest Branch for full information. 351

LONDON, TORONTO, MONTREAL, WINNIPEG, VANCOUVER, ST. JOHN, N.B., HAMILTON, CALGARY, SASKATOON, EDMONTON

Your Liver is Clogged up

That's Why You're Tired—Out of Sorts—*Have no Appetite.*

CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS will put you right in a few days. They do their duty.

Cure *Constipation, Biliousness, Indigestion, and Sick Headache.*

Small Pill, Small Dose, Small Price.

Genuine must bear Signature — Brentwood

When buying your Piano insist on having an "OTTO HIGEL" Piano Action

FREE TO ALL SUFFERERS.

If you feel "OUT OF SORTS" RUN DOWN or "OUT THE BLUES" suffer from NERVOUSNESS, HEADACHES, INDIGESTION, SLEEPLESSNESS, ILL-HEALTH or DISEASE, write for our FREE BOOK. THE MOST INTERESTING MEDICAL BOOK EVER WRITTEN. IT TELLS ALL about these troubles and HOW TO CURE THEM AT HOME. DESCRIBES THE NEW FRENCH REMEDY—Nat. No. 2, No. 3, THE THERAPION and you can decide FOR YOURSELF IF IT IS THE REMEDY FOR YOUR OWN CASE. Don't send a cent. Absolutely FREE. No "follow-up" circulars. DR. LECLERC MED. CO., HAVERSTOCK RD., HAMPSTEAD, LONDON, ENG.

ARLINGTON

WATERPROOF COLLARS AND CUFFS

Nothing better than linen and no laundry bills. Wash it with soap and Water. All stores or direct. State style and size. For 25c. we will send you THE ARLINGTON CO. OF CANADA, 58 Fraser Avenue, Toronto, Ontario Limited

REST AND HEALTH TO MOTHER AND CHILD.

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup has been used for over SIXTY YEARS by MILLIONS of MOTHERS for their CHILDREN WHILE TEETHING, with PERFECT SUCCESS. It SOOTHES the CHILD, SOFTENS the GUMS, ALLAYS PAIN; CURES WIND COLIC, and is the best remedy for DIARRHŒA. It is absolutely harmless. Be sure and ask for "Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup," and take no other kind. Twenty-five cents a bottle.

WANTED at once

Persons to work for us in spare time at home. No experience required with our NEW ART COLORING PROCESS. Easy and fascinating work. Good pay. No canvassing. Write for instructions (free).

COMMERCIAL ART STUDIO, 215 College Street. Toronto, Canada.

THE EXCELSIOR LIFE

Insurance Incorporated 1889 Company

Assets Nearly $2,500,000.00 Also Ass'ts Security. Liberal Profits

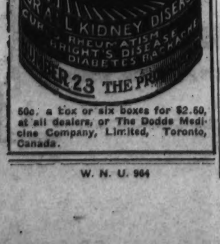
The new Excelsior policy contracts are the best for protection, investment, to provide funds for liquidating mortgages, etc. Never to Lose

Vacancies for agents giving entire time or spare time Apply to Provincial Offices, Winnipeg, Edmonton, Saskatoon, Vancouver or to Head Office, Toronto

Angelic

Customer—But is he a good bird? I mean, I hope he doesn't use dreadful language.

Dealer—He's a saint, lady; sings hymns beautifully. I had some parrots what used to swear something awful, but if you'll believe me, this here bird converted the lot.



50c. a box or six boxes for $2.50, at all dealers, or The Dodds Medicine Company, Limited, Toronto, Canada.

W. N. U. 964

REMINGTON CO. IN WINDSOR

Big Arms and Ammunition Concern Builds Branch Factory in Canada

Canadian endorsement of quality in loaded shot shells has brought the Remington Arms Union Metallic Cartridge Company across the border with the first ammunition factory to be built in this country by United States manufacturers to supply this market. This big arms and ammunition concern, now nearing its one hundredth year of business activity, has its principal factories at Bridgeport, Conn., U.S.A., where ammunition is made, and at Ilion, N.Y., U.S.A., the home of modern arms making. Up to this year the steadily increasing Remington business in Canada has been handled from the home factories, but of late our dealers and sportsmen have made the demand so strong that early in 1913 the company's Executive Board decided to build a branch factory on this side of the line. Windsor, Ontario, offered advantages as a central distributing point and as a skilled labor market and early in 1913 a factory site consisting of over one hundred acres was purchased there.

The problem then was to rush the plant to early completion and install an equipment capable of producing ammunition of the same high quality demanded in the strict 'home factory' inspection. The order was given to spare no expense in providing for the expeditious filling of the unusually heavy orders of the year. A large force of workmen was recruited and five months from the day the first ground was broken Windsor boasted a strictly modern ammunition factory equipped with the latest improved machinery, a ballistic range and chronograph for testing penetration, velocity, pattern, etc., together with powder magazines and storage warehouses. Builders who watched the seemingly magical creation of the splendid plant in all its completeness claim that a remarkable record was made in the erection and installation work.

Two railroads have built switches to the factory door and there is a direct connection with the lake routes so that every facility is afforded for prompt shipments. Deliveries of the famous Arrow, Nitro Club and New Club speed shells are already being made from the new factory.

Minard's Liniment Cures Diphtheria

Isaac's house was for sale and he told his friend Abram about an offer he had had.

Samuel Levinski said he vould git me five t'ousand tollars vor idt.

Huh! Abraham grunted scorafully. He ain't got fife tollars to his name—he can't buy idt.

Vell I know he can't. But idt vas a mighty fine offer.

Spell 'Em With a 'W'

Young Woman (at her first ball game)—Do look at the funny thing that man's got over his face. Is it a bird cage?

Her Escort—Not exactly. It's to keep the fouls out.

Miss Anny Bernstein, daughter of the Danish prime minister, has served three years' apprenticeship as a joiner. She began her studies in an institute where she learned carving of various kinds. One of the first pieces of work which she finished, a small box, was purchased by the dowager empress of Russia.

An Oil That is Prized Everywhere.—Dr. Thomas' Eclectric Oil was put upon the market without any flourish over thirty years ago. It was put up to meet the wants of a small section, but as soon as its merits became known it had a whole continent for a field, and it is now known and prized throughout this hemisphere. There is nothing equal to it.

Thomas, you have disobeyed your grandmother. No, I didn't mother. Yes, you did. Have you not been in swimming? Yes, mother. Didn't I hear her say to you not to go in swimming? Oh, she didn't tell me that. She only came out and said—Boys, I wouldn't go in swimming, and I shouldn't think she would, an old rheumatic woman like her; but she didn't say anything about our going in swimming.

Cullman, Alabama, is said to be the most prosperous township in the world. It is said that every man in the town who is the head of a family has a clear title deed of ownership to his home and every one of them has a banking account. Co-operative farming is practised in the county.

A Sure Plan

Mr. Subbubs—I'm afraid our garden is going to be a failure.

Mrs. Subbubs—Why do you think so.

Mr. Subbubs—Even the neighbor's chickens don't seem to take any interest in it.

The Real Reason

Certain public employes who have to submit daily to a rapid fire of well-meant but needless questions may be excused if they occasionally turn upon their persecutors. This is how an elevator boy dealt with one of them:

Don't you ever feel sick going up and down in this elevator all day? a fussy lady asked him.

Yes, ma'am, courteously replied the elevator boy.

Is it the motion going down? pursued the lady.

No, ma'am.

The going up?

No, ma'am.

Is it the stopping that does it?

No, ma'am.

Then what is it?

Answering questions, ma'am.

State of Ohio, City of Toledo, } ss
Lucas County

Frank J. Cheney makes oath that he is senior partner of the firm of F. J. Cheney & Co., doing business in the city of Toledo, County and State aforesaid, and that said firm will pay the sum of ONE HUNDRED DOLLARS for each and every case of catarrh that cannot be cured by the use of Hall's Catarrh Cure.

FRANK J. CHENEY.

Sworn to before me and subscribed in his presence, this 6th day of December, A.D., 1886.

(Seal) A. W. GLEASON, Notary Public

Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, and acts directly on the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Send for testimonials free.

F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O.

Sold by all druggists, 75c.

Take Hall's Family Pills for constipation.

The Dog and the Lobster

A Scotsman was strolling through the market-place in Glasgow one day and close at his heels followed his faithful collie. Attracted by a fine display of shell and fish, the Scot stopped to admire, perhaps to purchase. The dog stood by, gently wagging its tail, while its master engaged the fishmonger in conversation.

Unfortunately for the dog, its tail dropped for a moment over a big basketful of fine, live lobsters. Instantly one of the largest lobsters snapped its claws on the tail and the surprised collie dashed off through the market, yelping its pain, while the lobster hung on grimly, though dashed violently from side to side.

The fishmonger for a moment was speechless with indignation, then, turning to his prospective customer, he bawled:

Mon! mon! whustle to yer dog; whustle to yer dog!

Hoots, mon, returned the other complacently, whustle to yer lobster!

SUMMER COMPLAINTS KILL LITTLE ONES

At first sign of illness during the hot weather give the little ones Baby's Own Tablets, or in a few hours he may be beyond cure. These Tablets will prevent summer complaints if given occasionally to the well child and will promptly cure these troubles if they come on suddenly. Baby's Own Tablets should always be kept in every home where there are young children. There is no other medicine as good and the mother has the guarantee of a government analyst that they are absolutely safe. The Tablets are sold by medicine dealers or by mail at 25 cents a box from The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

Pride

I understand that there are two rival social sets in this town.

Yes. One set is composed of people who have undergone operations for appendicitis and the others have had the children's adenoids removed.

Qualified to Speak

Armson—You seem to know a lot about the ins and outs of politics.

De Manising—I ought to; I have been one of the outs for twenty long and hungry years.



Advice to Farmers

Present prospects indicate a fair crop of grain throughout the three western provinces, but do not point to any larger yield than last year. This, combined with the big shortage in the spring wheat crop of the United States, and also that of France and other European countries, and the present high price of corn, all points toward a high level of prices. We cannot see any reason why prices should be hammered down to the low level of last year. We claim the right value of 1 Northern should not be less than 95c; 2 C.W. oats, 40c; 1 N.W.C. Flaxseed, $1.50, and 3 C.W. Barley, 56c; basis in store Port William or Port Arthur, but of course, if farmers rush their grain on the market early with instructions to sell for what it will bring, prices are bound to be forced lower. Any farmer who is in a position to hold his grain at home should do so, and those who are obliged to sell to get cash should ship and sell only enough to carry them over. If the selling of all our grain could be spread evenly over the whole season, prices could easily average from 10c to 15c per bushel higher, which would mean an enormous extra amount of cash brought into Western Canada. Last year the larger bulk of our grain was sold at ridiculously low prices—selling down as low as 78½ for 1 Northern; 92½c for 1 N.W.C. Flaxseed; 30c for 3 C.W. Oats, and 46c for 3 C.W. Barley. Since spring opened we have sold 1 Northern at 100c; 1 N.W.C. Flaxseed 130c; 2 C.W. Oats at 36c, and 3 C. W. Barley at 51c, basis in store Fort William or Port Arthur. This easily shows the huge loss to farmers through marketing their grain in enormous quantities right at the beginning of the season. There is far more reason this year for prices of our wheat ranging above the dollar mark than last year. Once prices are forced down it is hard to get them to advance again until stocks in sight are greatly reduced; therefore, be careful not to rush your grain forward too fast. Every carlot held back helps just that much to hold prices up and put them higher.

We would advise farmers that whenever possible load your grain direct from the waggon into the car, and when you send your shipping bill to a commission agent, figure out the situation well before selling. To send instructions to sell for whatever it will bring, serves to break prices down more quickly than any other way we know of. Instruct your commission agent that you want your grain sold at a certain price and then hold for that price. If you do have to pay two or three cents per bushel storage what of it, because you will eventually get the price you want, and besides you are helping to hold prices up.

The distribution of cars should also be watched closely. Farmers should get together and arrange to have a representative keep careful watch on the railway order book and see that each man is allotted cars according to the Grain Act. That is what the Grain Act is for and if you do not use it, the fault lies with yourselves.

We are grain commission merchants and give our undivided attention to this business. Our experience extends around 18 years, and farmers consigning grain for us to handle receive the benefit of this experience in the advice and information we give them. We have no agents in the country, simply because our 1c per bushel commission charges does not give us profit enough to permit of engaging agents at country points, and at the same time show even a small profit on the season's business.

Write us for our shipping instructions and grain market advice. Even if you do not ship grain for us to handle, write anyway. The information may help you to secure better net returns, and it may lead to bringing us some of your business the following season. We can handle your grain right for you and we know it, and we want you to know it also. That will mean more business for us, which is exactly what we are working for.

McBEAN BROS., Grain Exchange, Winnipeg

Facts and Figures

Because a farmer keeps a herd of dairy cows it does not necessarily follow that each one in the herd is especially adapted for dairying. The type and general appearance may be good, the temperament and disposition may promise fair results, but the real value of each one is to be measured certainly and accurately by her individual yield not the average of the herd as a whole, at the end of a full season's work.

Over and over again when dairy farmers have checked up the production separately of each cow there have been found wonderful surprises and serious disappointments. Those good lookers have turned out to be poor producers; the despised cow of insignificant appearance has often proved a gold mine, because when per moderate cost of feed has been deducted from the total yield of milk and fat. Some cow testing figures recorded by the dairy division at Ottawa, show great contrasts. For instance, two cows yielding the same weight of milk may differ in profit by $26.00. The aged cow may do far better than the five-year-old. Two mature cows in the same herd have been known to differ in production by eight thousand pounds of milk. One herd of twelve cows last year gave thirty-six tons of milk more than another herd of twelve. How are these vital points to be definitely ascertained by the practical dairyman? Such facts are brought to light when figures are used. It is just as simple as A. B.C. Keep records of individual production; it takes scarcely 30 minutes per cow per month, and abundantly pays every dairyman.

Minard's Liniment Cures Distemper

Nero's Golden House

Dr. Fritz Weege, a young German archaeologist, drew attention to the enormous palace that was once erected by Nero in Rome. The Italian government, in consequence, instituted the very interesting excavations that are now being made in what is called 'The Golden House.' This immense palace covered an acre of ground and was about three times the size of the present Vatican. The Golden House, which extended from the Palatine far up the Esquiline, was erected after the burning of Rome in 64. The building was afterwards converted by Nero's successors into other edifices. The excavations are revealing much that is of extraordinary interest.

Best Time

What are the duties of a steering committee in Congress?

To get a lot of legislation through while the Washington ball team is on the road.

Remain on Top

Friends an' feller citizens, I rise to tell you all—

Then the box he stood on tumbled; so he only riz to fall.

But still he made the best of it; I rise again to drop

This hint: When you have riz up high be sure to stay on top!

Of Course

The lesson in history was in progress and in vain the teacher coaxed her class to answer. At last she brightened up. She had reached the star pupil of her little class.

Now, Tommy, she said, Mary followed Edward V., and who followed Mary.

Yes, Tommy knew that. And his answer was swift. Her little lamb, teacher, he shouted, triumphantly.

Women and Asthma.—Women are numbered among the sufferers from asthma by the countless thousands. In every climate they will be found, helpless in the grip of this relentless disease unless they have themselves of the proper remedy. Dr. J. D. Kellogg's Asthma Remedy has brought new hope and life to many such. Testimonials are sent entirely without solicitation, show the enormous benefit it has wrought among women everywhere.

Of course, my dear, marry young Smithers if you like, and I will make you a wedding present of a nice large mirror.

Why a mirror, dad?

So that you can watch yourself starving to death, my dear.

Post Toasties for Lunch

Appetizing and wholesome these hot Summer days.

No cooking ----- no hot kitchen,

Ready to eat direct from the package-----fresh, crisp and dainty.

Serve with cream and sugar---and sometimes fresh berries or fruit.

Post Toasties are thin bits of Indian Corn, toasted to a golden brown.

Acceptable at any meal—

Post Toasties

Sold by Grocers everywhere

Canadian Postum Cereal Company, Ltd., Windsor, Ont.

Council Meetings

The council of the Village of Crossfield will meet in theCouncil Chamber over Fire Hall on the first Tuesday of each alternate month, commencing with February at 7 p.m.

By Order of the Village Council
1-52-t W. McRory, Sec.-Treas.

Lodge Cards

CROSSFIELD LODGE I. O. O. F.

No. 42

Meets Every Wednesday Night in the Oddfellows Hall at 8 p.m.
Visiting Brethren Welcome.
ARCHIE KNOX, Fin. Sec'y. C.M.S.THOMAS, Rec.-Sec'y.

Crossfield School District No. 752

The REGULAR MEETINGS of the above School Board will be held at the School House at 10 a. m. on the first Saturday in the following months: January, March May, July, September and November.

All matters of business pertaining to this district will be attended to at this meeting.

The office of the Sec.-Treas. is in the real estate office next the Coronicle

A. R. THOMAS, Chairman.
E. S. McRORY, Sec.-Treas.

U. S. BROWN, AUCTIONEER

Sales Conducted in Town or Country.

Post Office Address CREMONA.
Or call at the Chronicle Office.

F. MOSSOP,

Licensed Drayman.

FOR HIRE Good Team of Work Horses, about 2,600 lbs., by Day, Week or longer.

Write, Phone or apply at Atlas Lumber Co., Crossfield.

CITY
BARBER SHOP

HOT BATHS.

Cleanliness is Our Motto.

H. W. LOCKWOOD,
PROPRIETOR.

Watch Repairs, etc.

Estrays.

Stray Horses.—Liberal Reward offered for the Recovery of any Horses bearing the Brand ⋀ (a half diamond) on left thigh. Notify the Trusts and Guarantee Company, Limited, Calgary. 34

For Sale

Several Good young Work Teams for sale. Apply to GEO. HUSER, Crossfield or phone 414, circuit 4. 3-tf.

HAY ON ONE SECTION OF LAND FOR SALE.—Or will arrange to put up on shares. 6½ miles east of town. Enquire at Chronicle Office.

To be Sold Cheap, Two Second-Hand BINDERS, in good condition. McCormick 8ft., Deering 6ft.

Apply to D. A. McARTHUR, 34 Crossfield.

Cattle For Sale.

I wish to announce that I now offer 200 head of Cattle for private Sale: 60 yearling Steers and Heifers, 50 two-year old Steers, 40 three-year old Steers, 10 four-year old Steers, 40 Cows and Calves. All good stuff. Cattle can be seen ½ mile S.W. of Crossfield.

JOHN PATTERSON, Owner.
37 Crossfield.

LOST.

LOST.—One Roan HORSE, branded HG (H 6 joined) on left side, age about 9 years, weight about 1,300 lbs. Left my place about a month ago. Last seen at Barney Madden's place. Anyone knowing the whereabouts of this horse please inform the Chronicle. A. A. BANTA.

CROSSFIELD LOCAL & GENERAL.

John Patterson sold on Wednesday a bunch of 15 fine heifers to Mr. J. Roedlin, of the Rose Bud.

Mrs. Stuart Walker, of Sampson-ton, and her sister of Horse Creek, near Cochrane, were visitors to Mrs. Ivor Lewis on Wednesday.

We were rather surprised to hear the other day we had a champion runner in our midst, still its a fact. "Old Hank" run a half-mile race on the track one day last week for a 10 spot, and he won too. How's that for an old un?

Let McRory and Sons give you a figure on eavetroughing or furnace work now that you are assured of a bumper crop.

CHRISTMAS CARDS?

Yes, Christmas will soon be here. Order your Private Greeting Cards early, and then you won't be disappointed. Specimens can be seen at the Chronicle Office.

WILL CONVERT STRAW INTO USEFUL FUEL

A Regina Man Claims to Have Discovered a Process for the Manufacture of Briquettes

Professor Andrews, of Regina, bids fair to go down to posterity as one of the most practical and far-reaching benefactors of the Western Country. In Saskatchewan, Alberta and Manitoba millions of dollars' worth of straw is annually burned out of the way, in the same manner, and for the same reason that in the pioneer days of the eastern provinces millions of dollars' worth of magnificent timber were destroyed for want of a market.

If Professor Andrews' invention for turning this straw into little fuel briquettes proves to be what he claims it is, a problem which has vexed the soul of the Western farmer for many years has been satisfactorily solved; and waste has been turned into value in the most remarkably beneficial manner.

The first briquette, Professor Andrews has produced, is very small—not much bigger than a crown piece. It is black, and as far as appearance goes might be made out of coal dust. The farmer if he has power on his farm can make the briquettes himself. He can drive his threshing machine, and make briquettes at the same time.

The Doctor claims that the cost is small, and that the equivalent of eighty tons of anthracite, or 160 tons of Saskatchewan lignite coal, can be obtained from an average crop of straw grown on a half section of 320 acres. Ten tons of this would warm the farmer's house, but he would be saved the trouble and expense of hauling it from town. The surplus of the briquettes would be available for sale in the towns which also would get cheap fuel instead of dear fuel as at present.

If Professor Andrews' briquette is what he calms for it, he has added millions annually to the wealth of the prairie country; and, as patents go in this commercial age, he should incidentally make a few millions for himself, for he will have done one of the biggest things and solved one of the knottiest of problems.

A. LAYZELL, COMMISSION AGENT.

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THE HOME MARKET THE BEST MARKET

A Globe Article From its Western Correspondent Makes This Abundantly Clear

The Canadian home market is the best for most farm products because it is the most convenient and accessible. The Toronto Globe prints this story from its Calgary correspondent under a recent date:

Southern Alberta farmers have set to work in earnest to regain the hold on the British Columbia hog market lost several years ago. There is probably no better market on the continent for pork, dressed and on the hoof, than the coast Province; this is especially true of the districts wherein lumbering and mining are the principal industries. The very nature of the work of the men in those parts makes pork the most sought-after meat, and it has also been the hardest meat to procure.

The grain-growing prairies, in spite of gains made during the past couple of years, are yet importers rather than exporters of hogs, and the same condition exists in the States to the south. The result is that hogs are shipped into British Columbia from as far away as eastern Ontario, and the price is correspondingly high. The Lethbridge district lies at the very doors of the best part of this profitable market, by the Crow's Nest Pass line of the Canadian Pacific less than three hundred miles from the mining and lumbering camps, via Calgary only a little over double that distance from the coast.

Hog-raising at Lethbridge

And they certainly can raise hogs in the Lethbridge district, but they hadn't been doing it until one man threw aside time-worn prejudices. This man is Otho T. Lathrop, grain-grower, alfalfa-producer, hog-raiser and Chairman of the Agricultural Committee of the Lethbridge Board of Trade. For a long time alfalfa has been considered one of the best paying crops in the district, almost too precious to use for it sells at times above $20 per ton, and a plot in full production yields about five tons to the acre. Old-timers shook their heads when Mr. Lathrop turned a herd of hogs into a fine stand of twenty-dollar alfalfa; the results are best shown by an interview given The Globe correspondent.

"We have three hundred acres seeded to alfalfa," said Mr. Lathrop, "and I can say that we are raising as fine a quality of the fodder as I have seen in the best of the States to the south of us. We are getting a five-ton yield and the price for the last five years has been better than $15 per ton, but at that we can make more money feeding it to hogs than selling it. By changing them from pasture to pasture we can run 25 hogs per acre of the green feed We are turning off an average of 1,000 hogs per year, which sell at an average price of $18 per head, ten months old. Experience has proven that it costs us $6 per head to raise a hog; this is counting full expense and interest at 8 per cent. on our investment. We finish the animals with low-grade grain. Thus each hog gives us a net profit of $12, and our alfalfa land is giving us a net income of $300 per acre per year."

Profits to the Farmers

No sooner had Mr. Lathrop satisfied himself of the profit in his system of raising swine than he started spreading among his neighbors the doctrine of combining hogs with alfalfa. And when he got them enthusiastic he sought and found the most profitable market. The result is that early this month he concluded arrangements to furnish a British Columbia packing plant with two carloads, 150 hogs, per week the year round from the Lethbridge district. Figuring these hogs worth $17 per head on cars Lethbridge, these shipments, which are only a start toward larger things, will return the farmers of the district over $132,000 per year.

A factory, costing $35,000, for the manufacture of chocolates, biscuits and general confectionery, is being erected in Medicine Hat, Alta., by J. H. Taber, of Calgary.

A warehouse, costing $160,000, is being erected in Calgary, Alta., by the Hudson Bay Co.

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CANADIAN MARKET THE MORE IMPORTANT

Of More Value to the American Farmer than the American Market to the Canadian

Mr. C. C. James, special Agricultural Commissioner for the Dominion Government told the Canadian Club of Toronto that during the ten years ending with 1911 the population of Canada increased by nearly 2,000,000, of which 1,250,000 settled in urban communities east and west. The rural population east of the Great Lakes actually decreased by 47,000, while 600,000 people went on the land between Lake Superior and the Pacific coast. These 600,000 devoted themselves to the raising of wheat, oats, flax and barley, and in this way they became consumers, instead of producers, so far as the majority of foods for the table are concerned. In this respect, therefore, the consumers have increased in numbers much more rapidly than the producers. This development alone accounts in large measure for the cost of living to-day.

To meet this difficulty to some extent at least, Hon. Martin Burrell proposes to spend $10,000,000 in promoting the adoption of modern farming methods in all the provinces. In addition there must be extended bank credits for farmers, especially in the West, so that they may go into mixed farming as fast as they wish to. We should also have a parcels post system to facilitate the sending of food through the mails, and more important still, widespread co-operation amongst farmers in the sale and amongst city dwellers in the purchase of farm products.

No stronger evidence that the Canadian home market has been none too highly appraised by the Canadian farmer has been furnished than the list of exports and imports of some leading farm products during the ten months prior to January 31. Here is a table showing some interesting comparisons:

	Exports	Imports
Eggs (dozen)	128,018	11,007,345
Butter (pounds)	636,142	5,714,405
Beans (value in $)	6,451	596,104
Peas (value in $)	140,772	310,141
Rye (value in $)	603	54,524

So far as these products are concerned the Canadian market is more important to the United States farmer than the United States market to the Canadian farmer.

SYNOPSIS OF CANADIAN NORTH-WEST LAND REGULATIONS

ANY person who is the sole head of a family, or any male over 18 years old, may homestead a quarter section of available Dominion land in Manitoba, Saskatchewan or Alberta. The applicant must appear in person at the nearest Dominion Lands Agency or Sub-agency for the district. Entry by proxy may be made at any agency, on certain conditions by father, mother, son, daughter, brother or sister of intending homesteader

Duties.—Six months' residence upon and cultivation of the land in each of three years. A homesteader may live within nine miles of his homestead on a farm of at least 80 acres solely owned and occupied by him or his father, mother, son, daughter, brother or sister.

In certain districts a homesteader in good standing may pre-empt a quarter-section alongside his homestead. Price $3.00 per acre.

Duties.—Must reside upon the homestead or pre-emption six months in each of six years from the date of homestead entry (including the time required to earn homestead patent) and cultivate fifty acres extra.

A homesteader who has exhausted his homestead right and cannot obtain a pre-emption may enter for a purchased homestead in certain districts. Price $3.00 per acre. Duties.—Must reside six months in each of three years, cultivate fifty acres and erect a house worth $300.00.

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Deputy of the Minister of the Interior.

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The Paisley Shawl

Story of Return to Rightful Owner

By CLARISSA MACKIE

It smelled of camphor and attar of roses when Camilla Atwood lifted it from the chest where it had lain for many years. The Paisley shawl had a little history of its own, and Camilla, sitting in the sunny western window of her sky room, spread it in her lap and tried to recall what her mother had said about it.

Years before, when Camilla was quite a little girl, the Atwoods had been driving along a country road when they discovered the beautiful shawl lying in the dust, where it had no doubt fallen from some passing carriage.

When Camilla was twenty two her father failed in business and lived but a short time, and as her mother had died some years before Camilla was left alone to make her own way in the world. That was why she was occupying this sunny top floor room in a city boarding house. She taught French and music in a private school, and the slender salary she received was sometimes eked out by engagements to play at musicales at the homes of her pupils.

She expected to play tonight at the Channings', and she had spent all her spare time since 3 o'clock in furbishing up her one evening gown, cleaning her white gloves and carefully darning a small tear in her small black slipper. Camilla had sadly lacked a cloak to wear on these occasions, and she was ashamed to appear again in her faded raincoat. That was why she was sitting on the floor before the old camphor wood chest looking speculatively at the Paisley shawl.

Suddenly she sprang to her feet and shook out the folds of the shawl. It billowed away in lustrous tints of red and brown and gold and green. Camilla caught it up, dropped one fringed corner over her black mist of hair and gathered the rest of it over her arms and about her slender figure. As she surveyed herself in the mirror a swift blush of pleasure at her own loveliness heightened her beauty. Her dark eyes shone like stars, and a charming smile played about her tender lips.

She was going over her evening's repertoire when the whistling tube warned her that Mrs. Channing's carriage was at the door. With a last glance at the reflection of her tall, graceful form clothed in filmy black, with a string of tiny pearls at her throat, Camilla draped the Paisley shawl about her shoulders and went downstairs.

The evening was much like other musical evenings, and when it was over Camilla declined to partake of refreshment and was glad to re-enter the carriage which waited to take her home.

Just as the carriage was turning into the uptown cross street where Camilla lived there was the sound of an automobile horn, hoarse shouting and then a sickening crash as the horses swerved aside and swung the vehicle against a lamppost.

Camilla was flung from side to side of the softly padded carriage, but suffered no injury beyond a severe shaking up and a violent fright. At last the babel of confusion outside ceased, while some one forced open the door. A man's hatless head and a pair of broad shoulders were thrust within.

"I hope you are not hurt?" he queried anxiously.

"No, not in the least. What has happened?" asked Camilla in her turn.

"A motorcar frightened your horses, and they shied and threw the carriage against a post. May I assist you to alight and call another carriage for you?"

Camilla placed her hand in his and descended to the pavement, where a crowd had gathered. The motorcar was pulling impatiently on the other side of the street, and the coachman was striving to quiet the restive horses. At a little distance an ambulance was backed up to the curb, and a couple of white clad hospital doctors were bent above a form on the pavement.

"Some one has been injured," cried Camilla as she moved toward the ambulance. The tall man with the broad shoulders kept beside her as if to protect her from the inquisitive crowd.

"Yes. An elderly woman was crossing the street at the time, and, while it is not believed that that carriage struck her, we think she has been so thoroughly frightened that it has resulted in a shock of some sort."

"Oh, are they going to take her to a hospital?" asked Camilla as they drew near.

"They were, but as my office is close by I have persuaded them to turn the case over to me. I am a physician, you know, and the woman begged so hard not to be taken to a public institution that I could not resist her appeal."

Camilla turned and, looking up at him, found his glance resting on her with unmistakable admiration. He hastily turned his eyes away and bent over the woman on the pavement.

"I think I can carry her in now," he suggested, and as one of the attendants started to throw a sheet around the shrinking old form he added, "I'll send into the house for a rug."

"Oh, take this," said Camilla, and in an instant she had tossed off the Paisley shawl and was wrapping it about the injured woman.

Shivering in the night air and blushing at the publicity which her impulsive act had occasioned, Camilla meekly followed the doctor's tall form as he strode along to where a red lantern gleamed above a stone doorway.

"Here we are!" he announced cheerfully, and at his direction Camilla pressed a button which opened the front door like magic, and they were bathed in the grateful warmth of a long, red lighted, crimson carpeted hall.

The physician turned aside into a reception room and laid the woman on a leather couch. She was a small, meek looking little body, with snow white hair, from which a shabby little bonnet hung disconsolately. Her old fashioned mantle was thin and worn, and a shabby piece of mink fur was tied about her throat. Her eyes were bright and shining, and her thin hands caressed the folds of the Paisley shawl which the physician was carefully withdrawing from her form.

"How beautiful it is!" she sighed regretfully. "It seems so like old times to have the 'feel' of it between my fingers." She closed her faded eyes, and two tears trickled down her wrinkled cheeks.

"I wish you would keep it for a few days," said Camilla with another impulse to pity, "only—I don't see how I am to get home."

"Oh, if I might just have it to look at! It is so much like one I owned many years ago! You will scarcely believe me, my dears, but once I lost a Paisley shawl from my own carriage—it was a gift from my husband and I never recovered it." The old woman pressed the shawl with loving fingers, which threaded the silken fringe with little stroking movements of delight in its very touch.

"What shall I do, doctor?" asked Camilla in perplexity. "I would dearly love to gratify her desire."

"She will be here at the most for a couple of days," returned the physician gravely. "Your beautiful shawl seems to have acted as a restorative in her case, and if you care to leave it here until she departs I will assure you that it will be treasured. It is very beautiful. I can remember that my grandmother wore one like that."

He smiled boyishly, and the smile seemed to intrude every feature of his good looking face. Without more ado he stepped to a wardrobe and brought forth a long army cape of dark blue. "If you will wear this home"— he suggested.

"That is just the thing," said Camilla as he laid it over her shoulders and she fastened it about her white throat. She went over to the woman lying on the couch and took one of the thin hands in her own.

"I hope you will feel very much better at once," she said sweetly. "I am going to leave my shawl with you while you are under the doctor's care. You will enjoy that?"

"Indeed I will," smiled the woman gratefully. "It looks like the one I lost so many years ago."

"Where did you lose it?" asked Camilla quickly.

"In a little New England village called Blakeford," said the woman slowly, as if refreshing a latent memory. "My husband and I were enjoying a driving tour through some of the country towns, and I always carried my shawl with me. It was so soft and warm and so rich in color that I loved to look at it. While we were passing through Blakeford our progress was interrupted by a cable message from abroad calling us to the bedside of our only son. I suppose the shawl was dropped from the carriage during our mad rush to catch the only train that would connect us with a departing steamer. I did not miss it until we arrived in New York, and then it would be too late to recover it. Your shawl is a perfect copy of my own. I suppose it is an heirloom."

"Tell me what year you lost your shawl," requested Camilla with agitation.

"It was in 1883. I well remember the date, for our son died, and then my husband followed, and since then my life has been one of loneliness and hard work."

Camilla pressed the shawl around the shrunken form, and she bent gracefully and kissed the withered cheeks. "It is your very own shawl come back to you across the years," she whispered, "and perhaps it is to herald better times for you!"

She sat down and related to the enraptured old woman the story of how her own parents had found the shawl in the village of Blakeford in the year 1883, and Dr. Lindley stood near, an interested listener. His eyes more often rested on the animated face of the beautiful girl, and he appeared to be ridiculously pleased when the old woman insisted on introducing herself as Mrs. Benton, the widow of a once prominent financier, and then introducing Camilla and the doctor in the most formal manner.

It was early in the morning when the doctor called a carriage and Camilla entered it to return to her boarding house. She was without the gorgeous Paisley shawl, but wrapped in the long military cape that smelled of tobacco she did not seem to miss the richer garment. The room on the top floor seemed bathed in a rosy glow, and a little song rippled in her heart. Camilla did not know why she was so happy.

It came out beautifully in the end. The doctor fell in love with Camilla Atwood, and old Mrs. Benton came and kept house for them. The doctor said that he and Camilla would have met somewhere, somehow, in the world anyway, but his wife maintained that if it had not been for the Paisley shawl they never would have met each other.

Religion In India.

As an example of the triumph of religious ecstasy over bodily torment it would be hard to beat the following story:

In the central provinces of India an illiterate peasant named Lachman abandoned field labor for the ascetic life. One morning he appeared before the head priest of a temple where he was accustomed to worship, saying that he had cut off his left hand as an offering to the god. Evidence of the truth of his assertion was there in the stump of the arm, which was bleeding profusely. A ligature was applied, the police were informed and Lachman was taken to the dispensary where the civil surgeon operated.

The hand had apparently been hacked off by three rough strokes. The man said he felt no pain and feared no harm; Rama would look after him for the rest of his days. He refused chloroform for the operation; he was sure it would cause no pain, for he had felt none when he cut off the hand. He remained quiet and looked on calmly while the civil surgeon was at work, and similarly during a second operation, rendered necessary by the hemorrhage following morning. He appeared pleased and cheerful, declined to attend daily for dressing, and departed on his way in serene confidence.

Obliging Him.

Arthur Roberts, the famous English comedian, like most celebrities of the stage, was from time to time pestered by would be actors and actresses who had an idea that they were born geniuses. One young man was particularly persistent in his attempts to see Mr. Roberts and repeatedly asked for advice as to how he could get on the stage.

Mr. Roberts politely advised him to give up the idea, but the young man would not do so, and began haunting the stage door of the theatre, until at last the comedian could stand it no longer. The aspirant was invited in one evening, and Mr. Roberts met him on the stage after the fall of the curtain.

"You are the gentleman who wants to know how to get on the stage?" he said. "Well, isn't it simple? Isn't it easy? You're on it now! No, not a word of thanks! I'm delighted, I'm sure! You'll find it just as easy to get off. Good night."

After that he was left in peace.

A Dangerous Habit.

A sharp English lawyer who made a specialty of insolvency proceedings once observed to a client that keeping books was one of the worst habits a business man could fall into. The Krupps of today must be somewhat of this opinion about correspondence since the discovery of a letter written by the Krupp of 1808 recommending his guns to Napoleon III. as just the things the French army needed.—Boston Transcript.

Frank and Just.

Frank Juszkiewicz, a Polish interpreter on Ellis Island, secured from Justice Pendleton of the supreme court an order permitting him to change his name to Just.

We think Frank Just did just right. To be frank and just when you go to bed, no matter at what hour, is a feat that puts other miracles in the back of the stage.—New York Sun.

Lemon Peel.

Lemon peel should be pared off lemons very thinly. The pith under the yellow is bitter and not used at all in cookery. Only the thin yellow rind and juice should be used.

Barbers in Austria.

In Austria an apprentice barber must serve four years before he is a journeyman. They are paid 41 cents a week for the first year, 61 cents the second, 81 cents the third and $1.2 the fourth. They get gratuities from customers besides. Austrian barbers object to the American barber chairs because they compel a barber to stand erect while shaving a customer, when they are used to stooping over. In Prague the charges are for a shave 4 to 12 cents, hair cut 8 to 22 cents.

CRISIS FOR ENGLISH GIRLS.

Neither Money Nor Careers Open For Many of Them.

Every year the question of marriage is becoming more and more difficult for men as well as for women, says Lady Abercromby in The New York Times. Men naturally hesitate to take penniless girls from luxurious homes. Women demand from men a purer life, a more ideal pose. Hence, leaving to marry, men drift into bachelor life, where the affections are cold stored; women find themselves in increased numbers stranded on narrow incomes, with no training, no occupation, and no means of bettering their lot. Even in the most favorable case where a girl is loved and won by a husband who is not only wealthy, but beloved, the penniless wife enters his house as a dependent and not as a partner.

How different is the case in France, where almost every woman has her dot; where the first thought of parents at the birth of a girl is to save enough for her so as to make her independent of marriage if need be, and if she desires to marry, give her financial help in founding a new family, in the affairs of which she is an honored partner, and not a mere dependent.

If the daughter's dower deprives sons of an absolute share of their paternal inheritance, each man who marries finds his wife possessed of a comfortable sum to help the household, and thus the property of the pair is not markedly less than we find on the average in England. But an immense difference lies in this; that instead of the family fortune being the exclusive property of the husband, the wife is a partner, and has, by the law of "Communite des Biens," an equal share in all the family possessions. This arrangement brings incalculable happiness to women in conferring dignity and independence.

Any father who cannot give his daughter a dowry ought to see that she is taught a profession or business, preferably his own business or profession. Every shopkeeper ought to train his daughter in commercial knowledge; every architect, artist, decorator, doctor, lawyer, and chemist ought to do all in his power to teach his daughter what he knows, so that they may become useful and independent members of society. As they set their sons up in business by advances of capital, fathers should not forget that a similar help might be a precious boon to unmarried daughters. Instead of going as a housekeeper or companion, a girl with a little capital might set up a laundry or a school of a dressmaking establishment, or, indeed, launch out into any profitable business in which she has knowledge or talent.

When we come to the gentry, who may dislike to see their daughters engage in trade, there is still an enormous field in scientific management, for which women might be specially qualified. There ought not to be a landowner in the country who does not interest himself deeply in farm management and agricultural affairs. Every woman ought to be capable of managing her own land if she has any, and every one with no landed property of her own, a very moderate capital would enable her to rent a small holding and to grow farm produce for the market, or to keep a dairy or a poultry farm. There is also a great opening for fruit and vegetable culture in this country. One of the prettiest and smartest women of fashion in London makes more less than $2,000 a year net profit by the culture of carnations.

Woman Angry at Short Term.

Because a woman known as "Queenie" Gerald, pleading guilty to violating the "white slave" law, was sentenced to only three months, while suffragettes are thrown into prison for long terms for breaking windows and throwing acid into pillar letter boxes, intense indignation has been manifested by suffrage supporters. One of many letters to the newspapers said:

"The deputy chairman of the London sessions offered the suffragists and their friends the deepest insult possible by sentencing this notorious member of Mrs. Warren's profession to such a short term for trafficking in human flesh and blood, while Mrs. Pankhurst and a few other noble women are being done to death for merely trying to get in a position to force laws which would put an end to just such a vile trade as the Gerald woman plied in a Piccadilly flat."

The police raid on "Queenie" Gerald's establishment was highly sensational and had so much publicity that the contrast between her sentence and those of the suffragettes was quickly noticed.

Nelson's Hand at Teneriffe.

Nelson's left-handedness was an attainment of which he could be legitimately proud, as he was. J. G. Green tells a story of the admiral's visit to Great Yarmouth to receive his freedom of the borough. "A storm met him on his landing, but the danger failed to prevent his appearance on the quay. When the freeman's oath was tendered to him the town clerk noticed that the hero placed his left hand on the book. Shocked at the legal impropriety, he said, 'Your right hand, my lord.' 'That,' observed Nelson, 'is at Teneriffe.'"

Julius Caesars.

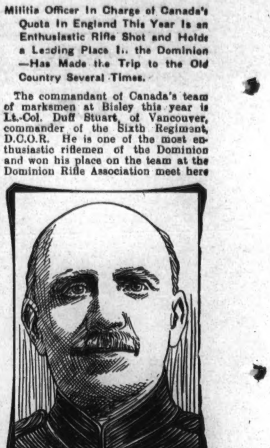
There are at least two Julius Caesars in London—one a chemist in Paddington, and the other a Holborn Viaduct pearl merchant.

GETS POST ON MERIT

LT.-COL. STUART FIRST MARKSMAN TO COMMAND TEAM.

Militia Officer In Charge of Canada's Quota In England This Year Is an Enthusiastic Rifle Shot and Holds a Leading Place In the Dominion—Has Made the Trip to the Old Country Several Times.

The commandant of Canada's team of marksmen at Bisley this year is Lt.-Col. Duff Stuart of Vancouver, commander of the Sixth Regiment, D.C.O.R. He is one of the most enthusiastic riflemen of the Dominion and won his place on the team at the Dominion Rifle Association meet here



LIEUT. COL. J. DUFF STUART.

last fall. Owing to his appointment as commandant he will not shoot at Bisley in the National Rifle Association matches as it is not customary for the commandant to take part in the actual shooting.

Lt.-Col. Duff Stuart is the first commandant to win his place on the team by actual marksmanship. He has been for many years a familiar figure here at the matches of the Dominion Rifle Association and is recognized as one of the leading marksmen of the Dominion. He has been several times to Bisley.

The Actor Acted.

Mr. Stephen Phillips, who is famed as a dramatic poet, was at one time on the stage. He applied to Mr. F. R. Benson for his first engagement, and when he had been accepted Mr. Benson gave him a few words of advice on the dramatic art, which were as follows: "The great thing for an actor is to act. It does not matter so much what the words are which the actor speaks as the impression he conveys to the audience by those words." Having given this advice, Mr. Benson gave Mr. Phillips the part of Balthazar in "Romeo and Juliet."

The debut of Mr. Phillips could hardly be termed a success. The part was only short, but it was of some importance, for it is the duty of Balthazar to tell Romeo of Juliet's supposed death and burial. On receiving his cue Mr. Phillips marched on the stage and in accordance with the character he was playing fell at Romeo's feet. But when he came to speak his lines he "dried up." Romeo, in the person of Mr. Benson, was compelled to come to his assistance and deliver the rest of the speech while Balthazar exhibited an agony of grief.

Immediately the curtain fell Mr. Benson sent for Mr. Phillips and sternly demanded how he dared appear on the stage without knowing his part.

With delightful naivete Mr. Phillips replied: "I was only doing what you told me."

"What do you mean?" demanded Mr. Benson.

"Why, you said the great thing on the stage was not so much the words you speak, as to act. Well, I was acting!"

Durbar In Nigeria.

Sir Frederick Lugard, Governor of Nigeria, has sent to the British Colonial Office an extraordinarily vivid description of a most picturesque gathering of emirs and chiefs at Kano on New Year's day. Kano is a famous ancient city, with written records for 800 years, in the heart of Northern Nigeria. It is enclosed by walls 20 to 50 feet high and twelve miles in circumference. Hither the emirs with their horsemen and followers gathered from all parts of the province, and the durbar was held in the great plain outside the city walls. Many horsemen were entirely in chain armor, and clothes of gold and many colors gave a brilliant and varied appearance to the scene as each tribal contingent passed before the British governor.

Most remarkable, perhaps, of all was the presence of bands of almost nude pagans who had come out of their fastnesses.

The World's Religions.

There are of all varieties about 400,000,000 Christians in the world. The Buddhists number 500,000,000, the Mohammedans 300,000,000, the Confucians 100,000,000, Hindus 200,000,000, leaving about 1,000,000 savages or semicivilized, whose theological opinions, if they have any, it would be difficult to classify.

In Search of Simplicity

And Found More Than She Had Expected.

By CONSTANCE D'ARCY MACKAY.

It was a clear October day. Fifth avenue was radiant with sunshine Mrs. St. Aubyn, standing at the French window of her pretty little breakfast room, noted the blueness of the sky and the bright color of some autumn leaves that drifted by on a puff of wind.

Below in the street a girl walked briskly, her cheeks glowing from the keen touch of the air. A newsboy whistled blithely as he loitered on the corner. An old woman passed, a basket on her arm. It was filled with apples, rosy and fresh looking as if they had just been shaken from the tree or gathered from the frost starred grass of an orchard. An orchard Mrs. St. Aubyn smiled. How long was it since she had roamed in one? Twenty years at least, for Mrs. St. Aubyn was thirty-seven.

Twenty years of dinners and teas and dances, of summers passed at Newport and winters spent in idle flits flings from Paris to London and from London home again! Luxury had smoothed Mrs. St. Aubyn's path, and time had touched her lightly. Her figure was as slender and supple as a girl's, and there were those of her acquaintance caustic enough to say that during the period of her mourning she had prolonged the wearing of widow's weeds because black set off her ambet colored hair and dazzling complexion—a clear rose and white that still defied the aid of cosmetics.

"An orchard!" repeated Mrs. St. Aubyn, looking after the old apple woman, who had hobbled to the crossing. "I wore my hair in a braid then, I remember, and a big frilled sunbonnet. How fresh and wonderful the world seemed in those days! It's so long ago that I've almost forgotten what rusticity is like. And yet!—"

She paused. A sudden longing for the country took possession of her—for the real country, where no smart, high seated traps met the incoming train, where roads wound between fields, not lawns, and where the air was full of autumn scents and sounds, the smell of earth and withered grass, the rustle of dry leaves underfoot. She turned abruptly from the window and with a swiftness that denoted decision crossed the room and rang the bell.

Prompt as a trapdoor fairy Antoinette appeared.

"I am not going shopping, after all," said Mrs. St. Aubyn. "And you may telephone to the dressmaker that I can't keep my appointment for this afternoon."

Antoinette opened her brown eyes wide in astonishment. She would have opened them still wider an hour later had she seen Mrs. St. Aubyn seated in a car whose general dinginess proclaimed its acquaintance with obscure places off the general line of travel. Instead of well groomed commuters and their wives there were men whose clothes were a bit rusty and women whose bulky satchels and bags bore witness that they had been to spend a week with daughter in the city. Wide eyed children clung tenaciously to dolls and bananas, crying babies were vehemently urged to "look out the window at grandpa," and when the train began to move goodbys were said with an abandon which half amused, half stirred Mrs. St. Aubyn. In her world repression was the law of life. It was long since she had been in touch with the simple, homely things of existence.

"To think that this actually occurs in New York!" she murmured to herself and then laughed a little guiltily, for under her monogrammed morocco bag there reposed a neat brown paper parcel containing chicken sandwiches and a bottle of olives that she had paused to buy at the station in the breathlessness of her flight. Bought at the station! With what horrified shruggings would Antoinette have protested had she known, and with what ejaculations would she have complained against the crowded stuffiness of the train!

"Fairview!" called the conductor.

Mrs. St. Aubyn looked at her time table. Four stations more!

It was noon when she stepped out at Meadowbank. The narrow platform was deserted save for a young telegraph operator, who looked appreciatively at Mrs. St. Aubyn's tailor made costume of gray and violet and inquired if she would like a team. She shook her head. She would rather walk. How well she knew the road! And how little it had changed! She followed it by a cluster of trim fenced houses, past the general store and on to where the fields widened and stretched away to hills whose summits were a misty blue. Blackberry vines, rusty with fall, tangled at the roadside, and here and there asters glowed like a purple flame. At the far edge of the village orchards she came to a rambling white house. Grass grew knee deep in its yard. Its windows were shuttered. Its door bore a placard, "For Sale." Over its porch the bare tendrils of a honeysuckle vine stirred with every passing wind. By a path still faintly discernible through a network of weeds Mrs. St. Aubyn took her way to the orchard. There she stood upon a sight which held her there still with amazement.

"Jimmy," cried Mrs. St. Aubyn, "what in the world are you doing here?"

Jimmy Vanringcourt forsook the apple for which he had been reaching and colored to the roots of his iron gray hair. Then he came forward.

"My dear Helene," he exclaimed, "who ever would have thought of seeing you?"

"I came by the noon train," said Mrs. St. Aubyn.

"Ah! And I by the one before it. Hasn't changed much, has it," he continued, nodding toward the old house, "except that the grass is raggedy. It looks just the same as that summer you spent here with your aunt. Have you ever been back here since?"

"Never," said Mrs. St. Aubyn, flushing.

"Nor I. Strange, isn't it, that we should meet? What prompted you to come today?"

"Oh, I don't know. I think the social merry-go-round has begun to pall. I got so tired of people and things, and I wanted to get away from them."

There was a moment's silence. The wind stirred the fallen leaves with a soft rustle, and a bit of thistledown floated lazily by.

"I thought," said Mrs. St. Aubyn presently, "that you were in Europe."

"So I have been for the last six months. I got back yesterday. And this morning I had the strangest longing to see this old place, and so I came."

"Two worldlings in Arcady," laughed Mrs. St. Aubyn, "and hunger reminds me that I have brought a lunch."

"Good!" He spread his coat out on the grass. "Will you sit here? And if you don't mind waiting a bit I'll go to the village and skirmish for a kettle and some tea."

"And two teacups would be an adjunct also."

"I'll try," said Vanringcourt.

They lunched in gypsy fashion, the kettle singing over a fire of twigs, while the glow of midday softened into the long light of afternoon.

"A mellow light to see visions by," observed Vanringcourt.

"Visions!"

"All day I've been longing for a glimpse of a girl that I used to know. She used to wear a pink linen gown and her hair in a braid and carry a frilled sunbonnet on her arm. The last time I saw her this orchard was all in bloom, and she promised to love me for ever and ever, and in token of that we exchanged rings made of grass."

"My dear Jimmy," protested Mrs. St. Aubyn.

Vanringcourt fumbled in his pocket.

"There it is," he said, smiling whimsically.

"How absurd," said Mrs. St. Aubyn, but her voice trembled.

"Yes, isn't it—to cherish that little bit of dried grass as I've cherished nothing else on earth, although the girl that gave it to me decided six months later that love in a cottage was only another name for folly and that money and position were what counted most? For, you see, in the meantime, like the fairy godmother in the nursery tale, a rich relative had come and whirled her away to town, and when next I saw her the wild rose had become an American Beauty, the greatest success of a brilliant social season. Voila tout!"

"But you"—

"Oh, yes, I know. I've had success too. I've gained it. I'm counted fortunate as the run of men go, yet the thing I've wanted most I've never had. Nothing else every really mattered except the girl I knew in this orchard. All my life and all my heart have been empty because of her."

"It was spring then, and it is autumn now."

"The glory of the year," said Vanringcourt.

"But in these last few months you've never even written to me, you've never said you remembered or—or cared."

"I waited till the moment came when you found things empty, as you have found them today, till you know that your golden apples were only Dead sea fruit. You refused the boy's love that was offered you in the springtime. Will you take the man's love that I offer you now, Helene?"

"Oh, Jim-my!" she began, and then her eyes brimmed and speech failed her, but she reached out her hands to him with an adorable gesture, and as he kissed her a late bird pulsing on a bough above their heads burst suddenly into song.

> The female of the species
> Is more deadly than the male,
> But nowadays in England
> They put them all in jail

THE BREADFRUIT TREE.

Its Meat When Cooked Tastes Like Mashed Potatoes and Milk.

One of the gifts of the eastern tropics to the western is the breadfruit, which is now extensively planted in the West Indies. This can be done only by cuttings, as the cultivated variety develops no seeds. In the wild form the chestnutlike seeds are eaten, but the pulp is disregarded. The tree is of moderate height, but spreads a broad crown of large, ragged edged, glossy leaves, making an excellent shade.

The fruit, which is a compound of the massive clusters of blossoms, is about the size of a cocoanut and is incased in a rough rind. This, when baked in hot embers or in an oven, broken open and scooped out with a spoon, tastes like mashed potatoes and milk or like sweet bread, which it also resembles in appearance. It is a little fibrous toward the center, but elsewhere is quite smooth and "puddingy." Sometimes a curry or stew is made of it, and it goes well as a vegetable with meat or gravy. "With sugar, milk, butter or treacle," Wallace wrote, "it is a delicious pudding, having a very slight but delicate and characteristic flavor, which, like that of good bread and potatoes, one never gets tired of." It is also highly nutritious.

The genus (artocarpus) contains several species, one of which, the jackfruit, is also cultivated for eating. The timber of the tree is also useful, the bark can be prepared for a sort of cloth and the sap forms, when boiled with oil, a mucilaginous liquid very useful for making the seams of wooden pails, canoes and the like water tight.—Harper's Weekly.

EMERSON IN OLD AGE.

Even His Failing Memory Could Not Mar His Amiability.

In Dr. J. K. Hosmer's "The Last Leaf," there is a pathetic picture of Emerson in his old age, when his memory had failed while his other faculties remained strong: "I had as a fellow guest a man who had long been intimate with him and whom he was very glad to see. Talking after tea in the library, Emerson said: 'I want to tell you about a friend in Germany. His name I cannot remember, and he moved to and fro uneasily in his effort to recall it. 'This friend with whom we have taken tea tonight, whose name also I cannot remember'—here again came a distressed look at the failure of his faculty—'I cannot remember his name either, but he can tell you of this German friend whose name I have also forgotten.'

"It was a sorrow to see the breaking down of a great spirit and his agitation as he was conscious of his waning power. And yet, so far as I could see, it was only the memory that was going. The intellectual strength was still apparent, and the amiability of his spirit was perhaps even more manifest than in the years when he was in the full possession of himself.

"This came out in little things. He was overanxious at the table lest the hospitality should come short, troubled about the supply of butter and apple sauce, and soon after I saw him on his knees on the hearth taking care that the fire should catch the wood to abate the evening coolness that was gathering in the room."

The Rooks and the Seagulls.

A Dover correspondent reports a curious incident which was witnessed at a farm at Elms Vale, on the confines of the borough. A flock of seagulls flying inland had taken possession of a newly sown field and were pecking away when a still more numerous flock of rooks swooped down and attacked the gulls. The rooks, being about two to each gull, flapped and rushed the gulls until they withdrew to a field some distance off. The victorious rooks then proceeded to enjoy themselves in the field, having first set what were apparently sentries along the side of the field. It was amusing to watch these sentries hustling away any gull which strayed too near. It has been noted by naturalists that this setting of sentries is in accordance with the habits of rooks.—London Bystander.

Origin of Two Familiar Proverbs.

It was the habit of the great Greek painter Apelles never to let a day pass, however busy he chanced to be, without practicing his hand by tracing the outline of some object, a custom which has now passed into a proverb—"No day without a line." He also made it a rule, when he had finished a canvas, to exhibit it to the view of those who visited his studio, while he himself, hidden behind the picture, would listen to their comments. It is said that once a shoemaker censured him for having painted a pair of shoes with one latchet too few. Next day the shoemaker, revisiting the studio, saw that the painter had corrected the mistake. He then began to criticise the leg of the portrait, upon which Apelles came forward and reminded him that 'a shoemaker should not go beyond the shoes,' a piece of advice which has also crystallized into a proverb, "Let the cobbler stick to his last."—Forty-Five.

SANCTUARY IN ENGLAND.

The Principle Still Survives to a Limited Degree.

Much water has flowed under London bridge since the British criminal could defy the strong arm of the law by the single expedient of escaping to the nearest church or hospital and claiming the protection of the "sanctuary," for down to the early Stuart days Great Britain had thousands of just such refuges for the criminal, from cathedrals and royal palaces to scores of towns and cities, where the man guilty of felony could laugh with impunity at the officers of law and justice for a period ranging up to forty days. If within that time he chose to go before the coroner, clothed in penitence and sackcloth, and confess his guilt, he was free to quit the realm without any hand daring to stay him.

Although no such asylum exists today for the criminal, the principle of the "sanctuary" still manages to survive. This privilege refers only to civil offenses and not to crimes as in the olden days, and yet the privileges are of considerable value.

No clergyman can be arrested within the walls of his church or while he is going to or returning from his duty. Bishops and archbishops are still more protected, for not one of them can be haled before a magistrate even though the cause is a crime, unless the king especially commands it. Nor even up to the present time has any warrant in effect within the precincts of any of the king's palaces.—Chicago Tribune.

COLORS OF THE SKY.

And Their Connection With Stormy or Sunshiny Weather.

In "Our Own Weather" Edwin C. Martin, after noting the indications of weather shown by barometric readings, the variations of the winds and their meaning, the ever changing forms of the clouds, shows how the colors of the sky act as weather signs:

Ordinary observation has gathered a great number of weather signs from simply the ever varying colors of the sky. Among the more familiar and reliable ones are:

A bright blue sky is the sky of fine weather.

A bright yellow sky at sunset promises winds, a pale yellow sky rain and a "sickly greenish" sky both wind and rain. A rosy sky at sunset promises fair weather, but a dark red sky at sunset promises rain. A red sky in the morning promises wind or rain. "A red sun has water in his eye."

"If the sun sets in dark, heavy clouds, expect rain the next day." Even a gray sunset indicates rain. But a gray morning indicates a fine day.

"When the sun draws water rain follows soon."

And, finally, what in this connection it would be perhaps the most reproachful of all possible omissions not to mention:

> Rainbow at night,
> Sailor's delight;
> Rainbow in the morning,
> Sailor's warning.

The Great White Shark.

The man eating fish par excellence is the great white shark. It is otherwise known by the name of man eater. Occasionally specimens are seen on both coasts of the United States, though its more customary habitat is in tropical waters. This frightful creature attains a length of nearly forty feet, and it is able to swallow a man whole. This fact is proved by an experiment which sailors are fond of making, when such a shark is captured. The skull being preserved, the man places himself by crawling one after another through the distended jaws. It would be unsafe to do this, however, when the head has been freshly cut off, because under such conditions the jaws will snap together fiercely for some time afterward if anything is placed between them.

Legend of the Moss Rose.

A German tradition gives the origin of the moss rose as follows: An angel came to earth in mortal guise. He sought a place of shelter and repose after his labors of love, but every door was shut against the heavenly visitor. At length the angel, being very weary, sank upon the ground and over him a rosebush spread like a tent. It caught upon its outspread leaves the falling dew which would otherwise have drenched the messenger of love. Waking, the angel said to the rose:

> Thou hast yielded the shelter that man denied;
> A proof of my love shall with thee abide.
> And the green moss gathered about the stem
> While the dewdrops shone like a diadem,
> Crowning the blushing flower.

"The government throws all the obsolete army weapons in the junk pile. They are unsalable."

"Seems to me the government gives very little thought to pleasing its citizens."

"How now?"

"Think of the innocent joy that would result if they buried those weapons on the various battlefields for tourists to dig up."—Kansas City Journal.

Woman's World

Mrs. Robinson First Woman State Senator.



MRS. HELEN RING ROBINSON.

Mrs. Helen Ring Robinson is the first woman to be state senator and is the representative of the county and city of Denver in the Colorado state senate.

Mrs. Robinson does not, however, like to be termed "senator," nor does she wish any one to suppose for one minute that she has turned the Colorado state senate upside down. "Why shouldn't a woman be in the legislature?" is her answer to all questions pertaining to the oddity of her office. She discounts her accomplishments and refuses to acknowledge that mainly through her efforts the minimum wage law and the educational reform bill were passed.

"I introduced the minimum wage bill before the senate," she said, "but I cannot and will not say that it passed thereon my efforts. Why, I was even too ignorant to draft the measure. I confess that if it hadn't been for my masculine colleagues the bill could not have passed.

"One thing I did work for with special zeal, however—namely, the appointment of a woman to the commission of three which investigated wages and the cost of living—and I was successful. The minimum wage law in its present form does not arbitrarily fix wages. Conditions govern the regulation of wages."

The revision of the educational system which Mrs. Robinson fought for provides a six months' term as the minimum length of a school term and a minimum salary of $50 for all teachers.

The woman senator is a Democrat in politics and was elected upon that ticket. Her hardest fight, she says, was in the primaries. For years Mrs. Robinson was a reporter on the Rocky Mountain News of Denver.

Jewelry For Summer Girl.

The girl who possesses one of the new lucky winkle bracelets should consider herself fortunate, for they are truly pretty. They are made of little gold winkle shells held together by slender chains, and inside each shell there is an opal, pearl, turquoise or some other gem. The opal looks specially pretty, because it has the semblance of an iridescent dewdrop. The shells are beautifully modeled, and even the "grain" shows.

Coral is very fashionable now and is used for all kinds of jewelry, from polished pear shaped eardrops to carved pieces set in brooches and bangles.

A pretty bracelet seen the other day was made of gold set with three carved pink coral roses, two small and one large one.

Another new form of jewelry which should not be forgotten is the butterfly kind. It is made of real butterflies' wings of the brilliant Brazilian varieties set behind rock crystal.

A very pretty necklet is made of narrow bars about three-quarters of an inch in length of bright blue butterflies' wings attached by silver chains. Whole butterflies are treated in this way and are used as brooches.

A Useful Picnic Stove.

Picnic cooking, if in inexpert hands, will undoubtedly be better over a stove than an open fire, states an article in "Picnic and Camping" in the June Woman's Home Companion. But you cannot carry a stove on a picnic or camping expedition, nor need you. A piece of thin sheet iron thirty inches long by eighteen inches wide is all the stove you want. This, laid across two little banks of earth with the fire between or two logs with the fire between, forms an excellent stove and not only makes it unnecessary to wait for embers for good cooking—since the flames cannot reach the food through the sheet iron—but is in itself an excellent griddle for making toast and flapjacks.

BEST ATTAINABLE IMAGE FROM DOCUMENT AVAILABLE

Zam-Buk

is the best remedy known for sunburn, heat rashes, eczema, sore feet, stings and blisters. "A skin food" All Druggists and Stores.

MURRAY MURGATROYD JOURNALIST

By Morice Gerard

(Copyright)

(Continued)

Muller, seeing there was no alternative, produced the key from a secret pocket deftly concealed beneath the braid of his coat. Reluctantly he opened the dispatch-box. As he did so, Murgatroyd noticed that he was holding his left hand in a suspicious manner. There was the point of a small and very sharp stiletto sticking out from it, which had doubtless lain in his pocket with the key. The journalist had no intention of feeling the point of that death-dealing little instrument. He sharply struck with his fist on the back of Muller's left hand. The stiletto dropped. Murgatroyd put his foot on it. Muller turned and glared at him, as if about to renew the personal conflict. Murgatroyd was quite composed.

I will keep that for my own, he said. It will be an appropriate reminder of you.

Muller muttered a German oath between his teeth. Then he opened the dispatch box more rapidly. His last bolt had been shot—unsuccessfully. The box was full of papers; at the bottom of which were the Transalpian documents. Muller handed them over without a word. Murgatroyd looked them through and saw they were correct. A feeling of intense satisfaction took the place of the anxiety and suspense of the past few weeks. Muller read it and cursed again—more loudly. It recalled Murgatroyd to the fact of the transaction not yet completed.

The other papers must be burnt.

Not all of them? Some of them are private to myself.

How can I tell whether you are burning all or not? Either I must look them all through and choose or you must burn the lot.

Muller hesitated for a minute or two. Then he threw all the contents of the dispatch box into the fire, stirring them with a poker while they blazed. Murgatroyd watching them, came to the conclusion that they were almost all the papers Jordan had described. When only a few ashes remained, Murgatroyd said—

Now write the address you wish these papers to be sent to, indicating the ones he held in his hand.

Muller wrote down the address of a club at Dresden.

Put: To wait till called for.

Doesn't mean to go? was Murgatroyd's sotto voice comment. We will see about that. He made no comment, however, beyond saying—

I want a guarantee in writing that you will leave England before twenty-four hours have passed, and not return before ten years have passed.

Is not my word enough?

No.

Muller sat down, wrote the prescribed words, and signed the paper.

Murgatroyd took up his hat, stick and gloves, and put the documents, except the last mentioned, into his breast-pocket, then nodding to Muller, he left the room. At the end of the passage he found Inspector Murphy pacing up and down.

I am glad you have come, the latter said. My time is up. Hope you have succeeded?

Yes, I have got all I wanted—thanks to you, Inspector.

Yes, I believe I had a little to do with it. I doubt whether I was right in letting that rascal slip through my fingers.

Murgatroyd doubted it to, but did not say so. Instead he handed the paper Muller had signed to Murphy.

You will see to that?

All right. I will jog his memory if I find it failing.

And Inspector Murphy was, as usual, as good as his word.

CHAPTER XIII

Thompson-Halliday

A dinner party consisting of men only is not generally a very lively affair, for as a rule it means an object in view, although of course there are brilliant exceptions. Parliamentary dinners before the meeting of the Houses are not exceptions to the rule. Uniformity not diversity is the bond which brings and keeps the company together, whether to attack or to defend. Mr. Thompson-Halliday, not being as yet of Cabinet or ex-Cabinet rank, or a prominent official, was receiving his friends in Eaton Gardens. Covers had been laid for twenty, and it was not until cigars and coffee had circulated that conversation began to wag freely, and the restraints of a function recognized in England as of solemn moment began to wear off.

Mr. Thompson-Halliday was a short, stout man, well on the shady side of forty, to whom sudden opulence had given a snobbish air of self-satisfaction which he would have lacked under more trying conditions. Good living had also begun to twinkle out of his small, quick, glancing eyes, and to indicate itself in his face generally. All his guests were brother members of the Commons' House of Parliament, in sympathy generally with his views, although not all sitting on the same side of the House. A Government generally has to face beside the legitimate Opposition, whose main duty is to oppose, the candid criticism, and often the barely-concealed hostility of sections of its own supporters, whose fads have been neglected, or whose private ambitions have been thwarted. Mr. Thompson-Halliday had a certain skill in amalgamating apparently discordant elements, and using the result to serve his own ends. He gave excellent dinners in London; he kept open house in the country, and his great wealth permitted a somewhat lavish expenditure in assisting members in contesting constituencies, who would have gone under but for his opportune help. Pocket boroughs disappeared with the Reform Bill, but the machinery for influencing votes and opinions in the House of Commons is in full working order still. Mr. Thompson-Halliday had carried the art of influence to a high pitch of excellence. He knew to a nicety where the shoe pinched, and hastened to relieve it; many members owed their seats to his timely assistance. He gave them absolute freedom, but with the understanding that when he required their assistance it should be forthcoming. These were not the men he had been dining. They were his equals in money and position—in the latter at any rate—but for all that were not insensible to the argument of first-rate cookery, and a cellar of wine inherited by their host, and selected with consummate skill.

Well, Halliday, what is to be the outcome of this Transalpian affair? Are you to lead the van of opposition? It will take all the tact you have got to make your side appear patriotic.

The speaker was Mr. Henry Mason, a thin man who sat on the Government side, but frequently voted with the Opposition.

Your side! Our side, you mean Mason, put in Halliday quickly. I know you agree with me that the Government has put its foot in it this time.

In fact it hasn't a leg to stand on, to complete the metaphor, suggested Morrlary, an Irishman who sat for an English constituency.

Quite so. Firing won't do this time; we must have something more drastic.

All the same, the country will look at the whole affair suspiciously. The average Briton thinks his country always and inevitably in the right.

Especially when a few slices of land are in dispute.

I have a very strong case, remarked Thompson-Halliday with assurance, and the Government a very weak one. I am not afraid of the country. Land-grabbing more often than not means burnt fingers, and to my thinking the nation is sick of these trumpery disputes. I know my constituents are at the back of me in the matter. This Transalpian claim is sheer injustice. If they could prove we ever had an acre of land within the sphere in dispute, it would be different; but they can't, simply because we never had space to bury a full-grown infant.

What makes you so sure of that, Halliday? The speaker had not joined in the conversation before. Hanley is not the man I should have thought to put his foot down unless he knew the ground on which he stood.

Hanley! You all talk Hanley! I tell you it's all manner with him, that confounded air of superior knowledge and concentrated wisdom. He is cautious enough, I grant you, but not farseeing; and caution which is a cheap sort of political wisdom, fails where large issues are at stake. Besides, this matter wanted a retained lawyer, and every one knows Hanley is not that, anyway.

Halliday talks as if he were Lord Chancellor, laughed Morriarty. Who coached you in your law?

A better man than coached Hanley, anyway.

What do you propose? inquired Mason.

These are the terms of the Amendment, and Halliday handed a paper across the table. The Opposition leaders have approved the wording and the party will support it to a man. We are sure of some support—unless Hanley makes out a better case than I credit him with—a good deal of support on the Government side.

(To be Continued)

Minard's Liniment Cures Garget in Cows

The lady litigant had paid out good money to clerks and bailiffs till she was nervous about it.

Who is that? she whispered to her lawyer as a new functionary put in an appearance.

That? that's the crier, the lawyer replied.

Goodness! Can't I do my own crying and save her?

The cheapness of Mother Graves' Worm Exterminator puts it within reach of all, and it can be got at any druggist's.

The mayor of a French town had, in accordance with the regulations, to make out a passport for a rich and highly respectable lady of his acquaintance, who, in spite of a slight disfigurement, was very vain in her personal appearance. His native politeness prompted him to gloss over the defect, and after a moment's reflection he wrote among the items of personal description: Eyes dark, beautiful, tender, expressive, but one of them missing.

Red Rough Hands Made Soft and White

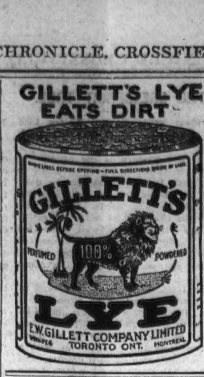


By Cuticura Soap and Ointment

Treatment: On retiring, soak the hands in hot water and Cuticura Soap. Dry, anoint with Cuticura Ointment, and wear soft bandages or old loose gloves during the night.

Cuticura Soap and Ointment are sold throughout the world. A liberal sample of each, with 32-page booklet on the care and treatment of the skin and scalp, sent post-free. Address Potter Drug & Chem. Corp., Dept. 20D, Boston, U. S. A.

W. N. U. 964



AN OLD NURSE

Persuaded Doctor to Drink Postum

An old faithful nurse and an experienced doctor, are a pretty strong combination in favor of Postum, instead of tea and coffee.

The doctor said:

"I began to drink Postum five years ago on the advice of an old nurse.

"During an unusually busy winter, between tea, coffee and overwork, I became a victim of insomnia. In a month after beginning Postum, in place of tea and coffee, I could eat anything and sleep as soundly as a baby.

"In three months I had gained twenty pounds in weight. I now use Postum altogether instead of tea and coffee; even at bedtime with a soda cracker or some other tasty biscuit.

"Having a little tendency to Diabetes, I used a small quantity of saccharine instead of sugar, to sweeten with. I may add that today tea or coffee are never present in our house and very many patients, on my advice, have adopted Postum as their regular beverage.

"In conclusion I can assure anyone that, as a refreshing, nourishing and nerve-strengthening beverage, there is nothing equal to Postum."

Name given by Canadian Postum Co. Windsor, Ont. Write for booklet, "The road to Wellville."

Postum comes in two forms.

Regular (must be boiled).

Instant Postum doesn't require boiling but is prepared instantly by stirring a level teaspoonful in an ordinary cup of hot water, which makes it right for most persons.

A big cup requires more and some people who like strong things put in a large heaping spoonful and temper it with a large supply of cream.

Experiment until you know the amount that pleases your palate and have it served that way in the future.

"There's a Reason" for Postum.

MORE WOMEN THAN MEN

They Throw Off Disease More Easily, That's the Reason

The fact that in almost all civilized countries women outnumber men has been ascribed to the higher birth rate of girl babies; yet statistics show that 105 boys are born to every 100 girls. According to figures compiled by a European statistician the girl has a better chance than the boy of attaining maturity.

He finds that from the third to the fifteenth year the mortality for both sexes is the same; from the fifteenth to the nineteenth year the critical age for girls the girl's chances are slightly better than the boy's; from the thirtieth year to the thirty-fifth the mortality among women is smaller than among men, and it continues smaller until the seventieth year, for a decade and a half, the sexes once more have the same chance of survival, but above 85 years of age woman again stands a much better chance than man.

To account for this difference the statistician points out that woman has greater resilience in shaking off diseases than man. It is true that the physical strength of man is greater than woman's but a woman's power of endurance is more robust.

One reason for this is that woman possesses a finer perception of her power of endurance than a man, and when her perception warns her of fatigue she stops. A man does not stop until his power is exhausted. His nervous system is not as finely organized as a Woman's, and as Mosso, the Italian physiologist, has pointed out, men and women are entirely dependent upon their nerves for caution not to over-exert. While it is true that women more easily contract many diseases, particularly nervous and mental diseases, than men, they overcome them with greater ease.



There are no dead flies lying about when

WILSON'S FLY PADS

are used as directed. At Druggists, Grocers and General Dealers sell them.

Royal Punishment

The constraints and formalities which surround royalty are particularly trying to youth, and while the Queen of Holland could never refer to her childhood as being a very dull one, as Queen Victoria in mature years described her own at Kensington Palace, yet when the Dutch Majesty was a little girl she greatly preferred playing with her dolls to attending to the official duties that had already begun for her. If you don't behave, I'll make you a queen! she is said to have admonished an erring doll.

Again, one day she was overheard telling one of the dolls, who evidently refused to take a necessary nap:—

If you don't go to sleep, you shall go out tomorrow in a carriage, and all the time you shall bow right and left to people who keep pulling off their hats! So hurry up and off to sleep!

Minard's Liniment Cures Colds, Etc.

Coal Loading by Vacuum Pipes

The vacuum-cleaner principle is having new applications every day; but one of the strongest is for the unloading of coal cars. A big Austrian power plant is being equipped to handle all its coal by vacuum pipes. Coal that is graded according to Austrian standards as dust coal and nut coal is delivered in carload lots to the plant and a great pipe is dropped into the car. The coal is sucked up through this pipe and carried to the storage piles two hundred yards away. Coal for the boiler fires is carried from the storage pile by other vacuum pipes direct to the fire and there fed in by mechanical stokers.



Every Woman Should Use

Abbey's Effer-vescent Salt

That splendid, pleasantly bubbling tonic which stimulates organs and rids the blood of impurities. Rosy cheeks and vigorous health reward the daily use of Abbey's Effervescent Salt.

Take A Bottle Home To-day.

Sold by druggists and Stores throughout Canada.

Price 25¢ & 60¢

The Smallest Dynamo

A lilliputian electric dynamo, perfect in every detail, but weighing only a quarter of an ounce, was shown at work before the Paris Academy of Science. Its constructor is a French mechanician named Trevet. This dynamo is three-fifths of an inch long, half an inch wide, and three-fifths of an inch high. The coil is a quarter of an inch in diameter, and is wired with five and a half feet of silk insulated copper wire one-five hundredth of an inch in thickness. A tension is indicated of 3.5 volts by a current of 0.3 ampere, but as to its power there is no instrument sensitive enough to record it. While at work the toy machine made a sound like the humming of a bee.

No man or woman should hobble painfully about because of corns when so certain a relief is at hand as Holloway's Corn Cure.

Writing for Posterity

A prominent French critic, the story runs, once said to George Bernard Shaw:

You are putting on a new comedy Monday night. Let me attend one of the dress rehearsals, won't you?

Impossible, said Mr. Shaw. My dress rehearsals are always private. I have to refuse even the most distinguished critics access to them.

But, said the other, I want to write a critical criticism. If I have to write and telegraph it in a few minutes on Monday night it will be very hurriedly done, and I fear it will give a wrong impression of your comedy to Paris the next day.

Have no anxiety on that score, Mr. Shaw replied. My comedies are not written for the next day.

PRESIDENT SUSPENDER

NONE SO EASY

As Far as Permitted

Jones—If Mr. Oldboy makes any such assertion I will denounce him as a liar.

President—Mr. Jones, I call you to order. Our by-laws do not allow you to go that far.

Jones—Then I call Mr. Oldboy a liar as far as it is permitted by the bylaws of this association.

A new printing, gumming and perforating machine in the bureau of engraving and printing at Washington turns out a mile of finished postage stamps every five minutes.

Woman's Danger Signals

Hot flashes—dizziness, fainting spells, headache, bearing-down feeling and ills of a kindred nature—are nature's danger signals. The female disturbance or irregularity back of these calls for help, should have immediate care and attention. Otherwise the delicate female constitution soon breaks down.

Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription

for more than 40 years has been lending its health restoring aid to thousands of women year after year throughout its long life.

This wonderfully successful remedy imparts strength to the entire system—particularly to the organs distinctly feminine. Nerves are refreshed. The "stale," overworked, listless woman, the run-down house-wife, and the weary care-worn mother of a family—all will gain strength from this famous prescription which 40 years has demonstrated its effectiveness—in liquid or tablet form.

SOLD BY DEALERS IN MEDICINES.

Write Dr. R. V. Pierce's Specialists at the Invalids' Hotel—Correspondence Strictly Confidential—and no charge.

Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets regulate and invigorate stomach, liver and bowels. Sugar-coated tiny granules—easy to take as Candy.



ARROW and NITRO CLUB SHOTSHELLS

Made in Canada

WHAT make of shotshells are you shooting this season?

You will find that the interest today centers more and more in Remington-UMC shotshells — Canadian made from our new factory at Windsor, Ontario.

You want Remington-UMC—the Remington quality—freedom from all the nagging little annoyances that uncertain shells can throw into a good day's sport. Arrow or Nitro Club smokeless loads. Slightly higher in price—absolutely reliable.

Let us send you a booklet explaining simply the technical care in the making which we believe is responsible for Remington-UMC success. Send your name and address on a postcard today.

Remington Arms-Union Metallic Cartridge Co., Windsor, Ontario

May Sail to Other Planets

The London Daily Citizen announces the discovery of a gas one-sixteenth the weight of hydrogen.

Its existence on earth has not yet been determined, but the leading scientists, including Sir William Ramsay are confident they can find or produce it. Its presence in the sun was definitely established by a discovery made during the last eclipse.

The Daily Citizen quotes an anonymous scientist who describes the gas as being named coronium. If it can be produced on this earth it may revolutionize the science of aeronautics. When the earth becomes too cold for human habitation the people could move in airships to any planet that might strike their fancy. This would be unnecessary for a million years or more.

Knicker—How do you like the kitchenette apartment?

Bocker—I think it has a roomette for improvement.

A prominent physician in an Arkansas town has an extensive practice among the laboring classes, where economy is the best policy. One day the little daughter of one of the men became very sick and the doctor was hurriedly called. He arrived and administered a soothing treatment to the patient who was soon sleeping soundly and upon leaving, prescribed some medicine which was to be obtained at the drug store. The next day the visit had to be repeated, and some more medicine bought. This was kept up until the little girl was entirely well, when the father went to see the doctor to settle his bill.

As his purse was rather slim, he approached the doctor with many misgivings.

Here is your bill, sir, began the doctor, handing him the paper. This for the drugs from the store and this for my visits.

The poor man looked and was horrified at the amount requested, realizing that he could not pay it all. Then after thinking a moment he took out his purse and laid some pieces of change in the physician's hand saying: Here's the money for the drugs, doctor, and—we will return your calls.

What He's Waiting For

Why don't you ask her to marry you? You've been calling on her for two years now.

I know, but I am waiting.

You've heard her sing hundreds of times, and you like her voice.

That's true.

You've heard her play the piano. You know she's an accomplished musician.

You've eaten meals she has cooked. You have seen her handiwork about the house. She'd make a splendid housewife.

I know all that, but—

She's a delightful hostess. You've seen her when she was entertaining friends.

I admit that.

Then why wait any longer?

I'm waiting to see her in a quarrel with her mother. I want to see how she acts when she loses her temper.

This is to certify that I have used MINARD'S Liniment in my family for years, and consider it the best liniment on the market. I have found it excellent for horse flesh.

(Signed)

W. S. PINEO.

"Woodlands," Middleton, N.S.

There is a young man in New York who is undoubtedly still wondering whether he has an unusually large foot or whether a certain German lad of generous dimensions from Jersey is troubled with near-sightedness.

The woman in question boarded a New York bound ferry boat with a big heavy valise. Apparently very much fatigued from her efforts, she threw herself into a seat, landing her bulky grip squarely upon the toes of a young man next to her. He responded with a look of suppressed rage and pain, and then shoved the valise aside, unnoticed by the woman.

A few minutes later, when the ferry reached its slip, the young man was suddenly amazed to behold the stout lady fumbling about with her hand on his foot. Thoroughly aroused at this liberty, he was about to demand an explanation, when the woman, with a look of great embarrassment, exclaimed: Ach! Excoose me, it looke chust like mine bag.

Looking Ahead

Bought a second-hand fire escape cheap today.

What did you want with it?

Thought maybe I might have money enough some day to build a house to fit it.

The mobile face is a constantly changing one.

And the automobile face is a fixed stare.

Try Murine Eye Remedy

If you have Red, Weak, Watery Eyes or Granulated Eyelids. Doesn't Smart —Soothes Eye Pain. Druggists Sell Murine Eye Remedy, Liquid, 25c, 50c. Murine Eye Salve in Aseptic Tubes, 25c, 50c. Eye Books Free by Mail.

Use Eye Tonic Good for All Ages that Need Care.

Murine Eye Remedy Co., Chicago

THE NEW 1913 PALATIAL CUNARDER

"ANDANIA"

13,400 TONS

SAILS FROM MONTREAL SEPTEMBER 6th

For London, calling at Plymouth

Carrying one Class Cabin (II) and Third Class

Cabin (II) $53.75 up Third Class, $31.25

MAGNIFICENT APPOINTMENTS

Lounge, Gymnasium, Drawing Room, Smoking Room, Open and Covered Promenades, Spacious Staterooms, Orchestra

AUSONIA (new) . . . . Aug. 23rd. ASCANIA (New) . . . . . Sept. 13th

ANDANIA (New 1913) . . Sept. 6th AUSONIA (New) . . . . Sept. 27th

The Cunard Line has long been famous for the comfort and luxury of its passenger accommodation, and in this, as in other respects, the steamers of the Canadian service maintain the high reputation of the Company.

For further particulars and reservations apply to local agents everywhere, or

THE CUNARD STEAMSHIP CO., LTD., 304 Main Street, Winnipeg

That Awful Child

Bobby—Sister must be able to see in the dark.

Mother—How so?

Bobby—Because last night when she was in sitting with Mr. Staylate in the parlor I heard her say: Why, Tom, you haven't shaved.

Revive the Jaded Condition.—When energy flags and the cares of business become irksome; when the whole system is out of sorts and there is general depression, try Parmelee's Vegetable Pills. They will regulate the action of a deranged stomach and a disordered liver, and make you feel like a new man. No one need suffer a day from debilitated digestion when so simple and effective a pill can be got at any drug store.

Wise Girl

He wanted her at once to wed,
But that she would not do.
We never can be one, she said,
'Till you've enough for two.

The proud parent: You cannot have my daughter; the social gulf between you is too wide. Remember, you are a mere germ of a common cold; she's a bacillus of neurasthenia!

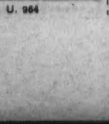
DOCTORS DID NOT HELP HER

But Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound Restored Mrs. Bradley's Health — Her Own Statement.

Winnipeg, Canada. — "Eleven years ago I went to the Victoria Hospital, Montreal, suffering with a growth. The doctors said it was a tumor and could not be removed as it would cause instant death. They found that my organs were affected, and said I could not live more than six months in the condition I was in.

"After I came home I saw your advertisement in the paper, and commenced taking Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. I took it constantly for two years, and still take it at times, and both my husband and myself claim that it was the means of saving my life. I highly recommend it to suffering women."—Mrs. ORILLA BRADLEY, 284 Johnson Ave., Winnipeg, Manitoba, Can.

Why will women take chances or drag out a sickly, half-hearted existence, missing three-fourths of the joy of living, when they can find health in Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound?



LYDIA E. PINKHAM

For thirty years it has been the standard remedy for female ills, and has restored the health of thousands of women who have been troubled with such ailments as displacements, inflammation, ulceration, tumors, irregularities, etc.

If you want special advice write to Lydia E. Pinkham Medicine Co. (confidential) Lynn, Mass. Your letter will be opened, read and answered by a woman, and held in strict confidence.

Kings as Ornaments

When European democracy continues its process of relegating to the position of spectacular ornaments its crowned heads, interest in the personalities of these picturesque individuals continues to be one of the features of the social order today, particularly on the continent.

The modern monarch has come, more and more, to stand merely as the symbol of the continuity of national life, the emblem of the people's distinctive nationality and sovereignty. Even if, in a few scattered instances, he pretends to regard himself as ruler by divine right, his people no longer look upon him as such.

Even the great Hohenzollern, William II, has recently publicly insisted that his sole object as monarch has been, and will continue to be, not the glorification of his dynasty, but the welfare of the German people.

As each passes off the human stage, his successor, born and reared in a more democratic atmosphere than himself, becomes more than ever the representation of his people. The rising generation of young royalists in republic in form does not prevent their actually reigning, will sit in the chairs of constitutional power democratic at heart.—American Review of Reviews.

Extreme Old Age Records

The recent death of a Chinaman in New York at the age, as he claimed, of 149 years, raises the question whether the records of extreme old age are authentic. The cases in which men or women have reached the century mark are so numerous that there seems no reason for skepticism concerning them; but the records of Thomas Cam, aged 207; William Edwards, 168, and Henry Jenkins, 169, are open to the doubt that falls on all mediaeval statistics. The tables of life insurance companies within the next century will probably furnish reliable data for future investigators.

Emily—Isn't it funny how timid Ellen is?

Maude—Dear, yes; she doesn't want to go faster than eighty-five miles an hour when she rides on the back of Charlie's motorcycle.

Art and Long Hair

The hard contemporary fact is that the gloriously maned authors are becoming sadly rare, even rarer than long haired actors.

The long haired musican is still with us, though one of the most eminent masters of the pianoforte has yielded something to the modern spirit by submitting briefly to the sheers.

Individual age has here a potent influence—age, or the getting through with thing. What a wonderful picturesque person Dickens was at 25! And how matter-of-fact at 40! Browning suffered a similarly sobering and averaging effect.

The same thing it is true of many other figures in that period, and it is not easy to guess whether the changing fashion set in during their middle years, or whether advancing age would have effected the same change in any case.

On the day of his wedding a man imagined that his wife drew a prize; but as a matter of fact he is seldom anything more than a consolation prize.

Bacon—I see electricity generated in Sweden is delivered in Copenhagen.

Egbert—This parcel post system is really wonderful.

Waiter, bring me an infinitesimal portion of cheese.

Ain't got any of that kind in the house, sir.

TO submit to a headache is to waste energy, time and comfort. To stop it at once simply take

NA-DRU-CO Headache Wafers

Your Druggist will confirm our statement that they do not contain anything that can harm heart or nervous system. 25c. a box.

NATIONAL DRUG AND CHEMICAL CO. OF CANADA, LIMITED. 124

Ontario Veterinary College

Temperance Street, Toronto

Affiliated with the University of Toronto and under the control of the Department of Agriculture of Ontario.

COLLEGE RE-OPENS OCTOBER 1st, 1913

N. B.—Calendar on application

E. A. A. GRANGE, V. S., M. Sc., Principal

Work of the Dominion Department of Agriculture

The report of the Minister of Agriculture for the year ending March 31, 1913 has been printed. It contains in concise and readable form a review of the work carried on by the Department of Agriculture through its several branches and divisions during the year. It concludes also the Orders in Council that were passed affecting agriculture.

The report is presented under five general heads as follows: 1, General remarks; 2, Arts and Agriculture; 3, Patents of Invention; 4, Copyrights, Trade Marks, Industrial Designs and Timber Marks; 5, Public Health. There is also included an appendix having reference to Public Health, Exhibition and the Seventh International Congress held at Rome against Tuberculosis.

Referring to the trade in dairy products it is pointed out that for the first time in sixty years no butter was exported to the United Kingdom, but on the other hand more than six and one-half million pounds were imported into Canada during the year.

In the Seed Branch among other work almost nineteen thousand samples of farm seeds were tested for farmers and seed merchants.

The Live Stock Commissioner by means of public sales distributed upwards of 1,300 breeding sheep, about one-third of which were pure-bred rams. In the record of performance about one thousand cows have been entered for test. These represent stock of about 150 farms.

Through the Experimental Farms system which includes the Central Farm and fifteen branch farms and stations an enormous amount of work has been done. The report not only gives out a general knowledge of its extent but brings to light many accomplishments for agriculture. In Saskatchewan, it is pointed out that the spring wheat "Marquis" yielded at the rate of 31 bushels per acre. The still newer Prelude wheat which ripens much earlier than other good sorts was sent out for test during the year. A much larger quantity is promised for distribution during the coming winter. Many other useful points are recorded in the ministers report, copies of which are available to those who apply for it to the Publication Branch of the Department of Agriculture at Ottawa.

It is usually safe to say that when a child is pale, sickly, peevish and restless, the cause is worms. These parasites range the stomach and intestines causing serious disorders of the digestion and preventing the infant from deriving sustenance from food. Miller's Worm Powders, by destroying the worms, corrects these faults of the digestion and serves to restore the organs to healthy action.

A young woman from the east was conversing with a Kentuckian about tobacco and tobacco raising.

She was very pretty and a good conversationalist and the young man from Kentucky was vastly interested in her until she gave him a sudden shock by announcing:

I should love to see a tobacco field, especially when it is just plugging out.

Magistrate—You broke a mantelpiece ornament on your wife's head. What have you got to say for yourself?

Prisoner—It was a pure accident.

Magistrate—An accident? What? Didn't you intend to hit your wife?

Prisoner—Yes, but I didn't mean to break the ornament.

A New York Suburban Scene

She was running across lots to catch the 1.35 train for New York. It was precisely 1.34 1-2 and the train already was panting into the station. At her heels was a youngster making as good time as she could, and was crying. By the time she reached the station steps she was a good one hundred yards ahead of the little boy, but he kept at it, crying louder and louder. The conductor was holding the train for her.

Madam, said the conductor, as she climbed up the car steps, who is that little boy?

My youngest, she said perfectly breathless.

I didn't have time to kiss him good by.

Well, you get right off this train and kiss him. We can wait better than he can.

The conductor stood with his hand on the signal cord while the operation was performed, and then the train went off, leaving the youngster happy and smiling.

CURED DISEASES OF THE KIDNEYS

And is Depended On to Right Stomach and Liver Disorders

Once Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills are introduced into the family and their efficiency becomes known they are usually found too valuable to do without. For everyday ills arising from liver and bowel disorders they bring relief promptly, and when combined with diseases of the kidneys and liver develop they often prove a successful cure after doctors have failed. As an illustration, you may read the following, which was received a few days ago:

Mrs. John Wright, 53 McGee street, Toronto, Ont., states: "We have used Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills for ten years, and would not be without them. My husband suffered from kidney trouble, and after taking treatment from several doctors without receiving any benefit, tried Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills, which worked a complete cure. Since that time we have used them for all stomach and liver disorders."

One pill a dose, 25 cents a box, all dealers, or Edmanson, Bates & Co., Limited, Toronto.

Among the bewildered, and in some cases indignant, spectators gathered at the recent Futurist exhibition of painting and sculpture in Chicago was a young man from Springfield, in charge of a cousin who is strong for the new movement in art.

The youth remained silent during the view and the subsequent explanations of the new idea given him by his cousin.

Well, said the latter finally, you don't seem particularly enthusiastic about them. What do you think?

Think! growled the youth from Springfield. Why, I have got two aunts at home that can knit better pictures than those.

A Viennese composer has written an operetta intended for use in the films only. The characters in it will not be heard. They will be seen, while an orchestra plays the music to illustrate their story.

Money Talks

What do I say at the wedding?

Not a word. All you utter is the cheque.

There is Comfort in

knowing that you can obtain one tried and proved remedy thoroughly well adapted to your needs. Every woman who is troubled with headache, backache, languor, extreme nervousness and depression of spirits ought to try

Beecham's Pills

(The Largest Sale of Any Medicine in the World)

and learn what a difference they will make. By purifying the system they insure better digestion, sounder sleep, quieter nerves, and bestow the charm of sparkling eyes, a spotless rosy complexion and vivacious spirits. Thousands upon thousands of women have learned, happily, that Beecham's Pills are reliable and

The Unfailing Home Remedy

Prepared only by Thomas Beecham, St. Helens, Lancashire, England

Sold everywhere in Canada and U. S. America. In boxes, 25 cents.

BEST ATTAINABLE IMAGE FROM DOCUMENT AVAILABLE

CHAS. HULTGREN

Notary Public and Commissioner for taking Affidavits

Conveyancing of all kinds of Legal Papers such as TRANSFERS, MORTGAGES, AGREEMENTS OF SALE, LEASES, BILLS OF SALE, Etc. INSURANCE and LOANS my Speciality.

Houses For Rent and Rents Collected

CHAS. HULTGREN, Crossfield

SEE!!!

FOR anything in Farm Implements

A. W. GORDON,

he has a Full Line of Machinery

McCormick Binders, Mowers, Rakes, and all kinds of Hay Tools.

One International Cultivator in Stock, for working the trash out of summer fallow, this going out in a few days, come and see it before it goes.

Cushman 4-H.P. Gasoline Engine

to attach to any Cinder, a great saving in time and labour, can be used for any purpose after harvest.

I have some cheap Thrashing Outfits to offer both Gasoline and Steam, J.I. Case and 1.H.Co.'s

A. W. GORDON.

CROSSFIELD POOL AND BILLIARD HALL

A full line CIGARS, CIGARETTES, TOBACCOS, PIPES, CONFECTIONERY, Soft Drinks, Current Magazines.

Subscriptions taken for all the leading Magazines.

COLLINGS BROS., Proprietors.



Coal! Coal!

Now is the time to put in Your Winter Supply

We can supply you with Lethbridge or Taber Lump Coal at $6.75 on the car or $7 delivered in town. Special rates on 5 ton lots or more.

W. STUART & CO.,
GEO. BECKER, Manager.

Wagons, Buggies,

PLOWS,

Cream Separators,

Grinders, &c.,

ALL SNAPS!

AT

TRCA & CO.'S

A full stock of Deering Goods to choose from, to fill your wants at **Right Prices** and terms.

If your Farm doesn't suit you come to us for a trade.

If your Machinery doesn't suit you do likewise. All we ask you to bring is your Article and Common Sense.

Property in all parts of the Province. If you haven't what you want we'll get it. Give us a call.

TRCA & CO., Successors to G. O. DAVIS.

The Crossfield Chronicle

SUBSCRIPTION PRICE. $1.00 per year in advance; or $1.50 if not paid in advance.

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Commercial contract rates upon application.

ROBERT WHITFIELD,
PRINTER AND PUBLISHER.

CROSSFIELD, ALTA., SEPT. 18, 1913.

Hon. C. W. Fisher Re-Elected Speaker

On Tuesday afternoon under ideal weather conditions Alberta's third session of the legislature took place at Edmonton. Local society turned out en masse for the occasion, many visitors from the surrounding country swelled the crowd. Every point of vantage around the Parliamentary Buildings being occupied.

Inside the legislative chamber the floor space between the members' desks was entirely occupied by the friends of the members, a bright touch of colour being imparted to the scene by the beautifully attired ladies in attendance.

Among the guests were Sir Gilbert Parker, M.P., who with Mrs. A. L. Sifton occupied a seat close to the speakers' chairs. The galleries were all thronged to their full extent, the event being the most important socially ever held in the capital.

At 3 p.m. Lieutenant-Governor Bulyea with military escort entered the legislative chamber.

The nomination of the Hon. C. W. Fisher for the office of Speaker was made by Premier Sifton and Hon. C. Mitchell. His was the only nomination. Before the vote was put Edward Michiner, leader of the opposition in the house, took occasion to pay a warm tribute to the nominee, who he said had always occupied the position with dignity and impartiality and whose continuance in office would insure the members the same fairness and integrity which had characterized his conduct in the past. The vote was unanimously carried.

Speaker Fisher, who was escorted to the chair by Premier Sifton, returned thanks for the honor conferred. The attendance of members at the opening session was a large one. After a few preliminary arrangements the house was adjourned.

Cochrane Fair.

[Communicated]

The morning of the Cochrane Agricultural Fair looked very bad, but towards noon it cleared up and quite a number of people arrived on the ground. A very good selection of vegetables, flowers and home produce was on display. The prizes were very wisely distributed. There was no stock shown, nor were there any races.

Sept. 10th. The morning opened out fine and Cochrane was all astir at six o'clock, bronco men and race horses were all over the town, and the Directors of the Association tried to keep the bronco men off the ground, but with poor success.

It got near noon before there was anything doing. A first-class show of light horses were on view, but the draft type would not show in the class shown at Crossfield. The thoroughbreds and hunters would have been the pride of a show ring anywhere.

A number of the Beaver Dam sports were there, weren't they Jessie?

Our only hopeful jockey, Bill, could not be seen anywhere on the grounds as usual.

The first race was won by Mrs. McKenzie's horse. Our hopeful had only got halfway round when the others started and left him out.

Mrs. McKenzie's horse was disqualified because her jockey did not weigh in. She scratched all her other entries.

Jockey Earl won the Cochrane Derly easily on old Bumps, also the obstacle race on Black Bird, and the 14-2 pony race with Slim.

The Beaver Damites all claim that Cochrane cannot come up to Crossfield for races.

Cochrane Race Association have spent $8,000 on their race course they have erected a new grand stand that will hold 1,000 people, a stable and fenced the ground with 8ft. woven wire.—R.P., Sampsonton.

Local Improvement Council 280.

NOTICE.—The Next Regular Meeting is Postponed till the 23rd September.

Grain Price List.

CROSSFIELD.
Winter or Spring Wheat.

1 Red	69c
2 "	66
3 "	63
4 "	57
5 "	49
6 "	45
3 Extra Barley	37
3 Barley	33
4 Barley	29
Feed	26
2 C W Oats	24½
Ex. 1 Feed Oats	24
No. 1 Feed Oats	23
No. 2 Feed and Rej.	21
Rye	36

The most fatal explosion ever known was at Gravelines in 1654. Three thousand people were killed.

Ivor Lewis

Sole Agent for the Famous

GALT COAL

Hard Coal and Briquettes always on hand.

Fire Wood. Draying

Crossfield, Alberta

FARMERS MEAT MARKET.

Under New Management

J. L. GUNSOLLY, Proprieter.

W. TIMS, Manager.

Best prices paid for all kinds of Live Stock. We also handle Butter and Eggs. Try our Noted Home made Sausage and Kettle rendered Lard.

FRESH & CURED MEAT & FISH always on hand.

Our Motto: Quality and Prices right.

Crossfield, - - - - Alta.

Christmas Cards.

PRIVATE GREETING CARDS.

Call at the Chronicle Office and see our Samples.

Lost.—A Brown Bob Tail PUP, Rough Haired. Finder will be rewarded on returning same to

W. TIMS,
Crossfield.

Stuart Walker,

Importer and Breeder of

SHIRE HORSES

A few good young Stallions, Mares and Fillies always on sale

—At STUD—

DRAW MASTER, [28262].

The English Winner.

All Nominations taken for 1913.

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